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Mr. Stoeck, Agent, to the Hospital, will enter Students and give any further information required.

August, 1858.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION for the ADVANCE-
MENT OF SCIENCE.—The NEXT MEETING will be held at LEEDS, commencing on WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1858, under the Presidency of RICHARD OWEN, M.D., D.C.L., V.P.R.S. The Reception Room will be in the Town Hall.

Meetings will be intended to be open to the Association, accompanied by a statement of what is done by the Association present at the Meeting may be addressed to John Phillips, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., Assistant General Secretary, Magdalene Bridge, Oxford; or to the Rev. Thomas Hincks, Thomas Wilson, Esq., and W. Sykes Ward, Esq., Local Secretaries, Leeds.

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4th, namely, THE ARTS, ENGINEERING, AGRICULTURAL,
MEDICAL, and THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENTS.

To the Students resident in the Medical Department, Indentures of apprenticeship will be granted without premium, and the courses of instruction will be free. The Medical Practice of the Queen's Hospital, qualify for examination for the Diploma of M.B., and M.D., in the University of London, and for the Diploma of the Royal College of Surgeons of London and Edinburgh, and the Licence of the Society of Apothecaries, London, without any residence in the Hospital. The Theological Department has the power to confer a Degree. The Theological Department is open to Graduates of the Universities, to Members of the Arts Department of the College, and to Literates.

For admission to the session, application may be made to the Resident Warden, Rev. J. G. Cumming, M.A., F.G.S., or on before September the 23rd, 1858.

WILLIAM SANDS COX, F.R.S., Principal.
Council Room, September 4, 1858.

OWEN'S COLLEGE, MANCHESTER (IN CONNECTION WITH THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON). SESSION 1858-9.

The College WILL OPEN for the Session on Monday, the 4th October next. The Session will terminate in July, 1859.

Principal—J. G. GREENWOOD, B.A.

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The Dalton Prizes in Natural History, value £15, given annually. Dinners will be provided within the College walls for such as may be desired.

Further particulars will be found in a prospectus, which may be had from Mr. Nicholson, at the College, Quay Street, Manchester.

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ROYAL SOCIETY OF EDINBURGH. THE BRISBANE, NEILL, AND KEITH PRIZES.

I. THE MAKDOUGALL BRISBANE PRIZE, consisting of a Gold Medal and a sum of Money, will be awarded by the Council of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, before the close of the Session 1858-9, for a BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF A SCOTSMAN EMINENT IN SCIENCE. Papers must be given to the Secretary by 1st February, 1859, and they may be either anonymous or otherwise.

II. THE KEITH PRIZE, consisting of a Gold Medal and a sum of Money, will be awarded by the Council of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, before the close of the Session 1858-9, for a WORK ON NATURAL HISTORY, bearing date within five years of the time of award.

III. THE REID PRIZE, consisting of a GOLD MEDAL and from £40 to £50, will be adjudged by the Council early in the Session 1859-60, for the best Paper communicated to the Society during the Sessions 1857-8, 1858-9.

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Could the undiscriminating admirers of that accomplished gentleman, who expiated the misapprehension of his own age upon the scaffold, have foreseen the re-action that has for twenty years been steadily setting in against his fame, they would doubtless have qualified their panegyrics. Charles the First was not a great king. He may have represented great principles, and no doubt he did represent principles which will maintain a respectable footing in political philosophy for centuries to come. But personally he was unequal to his position, nor have his admirers in modern times sufficiently considered the different aspect which his character assumes in our eyes, who contrast him with his successors, from that which it wore in the eyes of those who could contrast him only with his predecessors. To a generation who had known Queen Elizabeth, and whose fathers had known hers, King Charles must have seemed as deficient in vigour as in prudence; but to us who compare him with the English sovereigns of the succeeding hundred years, his character presents itself in far more favourable hues. Charles II. had his father's abilities without his earnestness. James II. his earnestness without his abilities. Anne and the two first Georges had neither the one nor the other. William III. with many great and noble and kingly qualities presented an insurmountable drawback to the eyes of a staunch legitimist. So that looking back through the long vista of English sovereigns from William IV., Charles was the first figure that struck the eye, which seemed to possess the attributes necessary to the Tory idea of an English King. The early years of George III.'s reign perhaps present something like an exception. But the peculiar significance of that period has been much overlooked, and George himself lived on into so totally different an era, that we had almost ceased to associate him with the middle of the eighteenth century. The error into which Charles I.'s admirers have thus been betrayed, has been visited heavily on their idol's head. If people grew tired of hearing Aristides called Just, they very soon grew tired of hearing Charles I. styled a

Saint, a Hero, and a Martyr. It was so very easy to prove his mistakes as a sovereign, that people soon began to push on their assaults a little further, and assail his character as a man. They were determined to have their revenge upon those who had been forcing his virtues upon them *ad nauseam*. Hence a great simultaneous gush of anti-Caroline literature has overflowed us, like water from the stony rock. And good round unreasoning abuse of Charles has now become just as much a fashion, as the equally irrational admiration of him thirty or forty years ago.

But it would be a mistake to suppose that the steady increase of a pro-puritanic spirit in this country has no deeper origin than the above. Slowly, but surely, flowing and ebbing, but leaving each water-mark higher than the last, a mighty change has been spreading through the English during the last century of our existence. We have grown graver, more careworn, and more conscious of responsibility. The gradual diminution of our insularity which has forced us to be anxious on many subjects which formerly gave us no trouble: to eat and drink as it were with our loins girded—the immense extension of our empire, the maintenance of which is a perpetual strain upon our energies, and the abolition of privilege and monopoly, which gives every man twenty competitors in life where formerly he had one—these concurrent causes have, we say, permanently affected the character of the Anglo-Saxon race. The poor have grown more ambitious, and the wealthy have grown more thoughtful. In such an age simplicity and sternness are qualities more highly appreciated than elegance and chivalry. Loyalty is brushed aside as a beautiful myth, like the worship of Apollo or Diana. Mirth and geniality, instead of pervading our entire lives, are reserved for particular occasions. Hence the sensual character of our popular poetry, which is intended as a soothing opiate to the weary, much as an easy chair or a luxurious meal, and not as an incentive to great actions, or a lesson of high morality. The immense, and continually increasing field of knowledge over which every one aspiring to the name of an educated man must now travel, is another impediment to a love of the merely beautiful, and another source of diminished sympathy for the cavalier. The men of progress must be content to throw off a certain portion of their inheritance if they would not lag behind in the march. They cannot carry with them the whole legacy of their ancestors. The sacrifice is inevitable. It is only to be heartily prayed for that wisdom may be given them to distinguish what is purely ornamental from what is necessary to their moral and intellectual welfare; and that for the sake of progress they may not throw away that for the sake of which alone progress itself is desirable—

Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.

Under these circumstances it is not to be imagined that a re-action against the fashionable enthusiasts for Cromwell will ever do for Charles what the re-action against Charles contributed to do for Cromwell. We would rather hope the time is approaching when something like even justice may be meted out to both these two prominent characters in our "island story," and in consequence whenever we see advertised such a work as this of Mr. Sanford's, we are animated by a hope that that time has at length arrived. Once more, however, we

have been doomed to disappointment. Mr. Sanford merely swells the list of the regular Puritan advocates. A powerful, a learned, and so far as such a thing is possible, an impartial advocate, we admit him to be. But we cannot allow that he is more. His work, however, is one of no common pretensions; and as having been actually penned, as he tells us, antecedently to some others, to which the public have awarded the praise that properly belongs to himself, it becomes invested with peculiar interest, and deserves a full examination. Such indeed we propose to devote to it. We shall first map out before our readers the ground which Mr. Sanford has traversed, and the general colour of his opinions upon various departments, of it, and in a subsequent article endeavour to attract their attention to certain misstatements, for which Mr. Sanford is only blameable in as far as he seems to have accepted them from others without due investigation.

Mr. Sanford's first essay is devoted to a consideration of the "condition of England" during the last days of the Tudor and the first of the Stuart dynasties. He here travels pretty regularly in the beaten track. Starting with the question why—"destitute of outlying colonial possessions, stripped of its French provinces, watched and menaced by a rival kingdom on the same island, garrisoning rather than governing Ireland; hardly itself emerged from a long and bloody civil war, and still agitated by questions of succession to the crown; deprived by the course of social and political events of its feudal militia, and without the substitute of a regular standing army; dependent even for the strength of its navy chiefly on the patriotic enthusiasm of the moment—the England of Henry VIII. nevertheless stood on a level with the greatest of the continental empires, and the England of Elizabeth obtained among them a foremost place," he proceeds to show that, owing to the greater equality between the three orders of society in England, *i.e.*, the crown, the aristocracy, and the people, than prevailed elsewhere, greater security was to be found for life and property. That, in consequence of this, English merchants being enabled to fulfil their obligations, speedily obtained a high name both for credit and for wealth—a name that was sustained by the valour of the English armies resulting from the national and united spirit by which they were inspired, "when the vast armies of France succumbed to that impenetrable and irresistible phalanx in which English baron, burgher, and yeoman fought side by side, inspired by one common national interest." The second circumstance upon which he bases the commanding position then occupied by Great Britain, is that the princes of the House of Tudor were "the absolute monarchs of a free people." Thus, as is implied, uniting all the concentrative vigour of despotism with the willing energies of freedom. In support of this proposition he adduces nothing beyond the well-known arguments of Mr. Hallam, whose singular candour and coolness of judgment have led too many people to place implicit reliance on his statements. To account for the gradually increasing absolutism of the crown in its transition from the Plantagenets to the Tudors, Mr. Sanford does not scruple to reproduce the ancient fiction that the Wars of the Roses had destroyed the barons, and that therefore a vacuum was left which the crown alone could fill up. Having then given some slight sketch of the foreign and

domestic policy of the Tudors, and especially of Queen Elizabeth, contrasting Elizabeth's support of the Dutch with James I.'s backwardness to assist the Elector Palatine, our author proceeds to the general policy of the House of Stuart, doing full justice to the character of the first Scotch sovereign of that name, and proving by the way that the favouritism of James the Second, and Third of Scotland, sprung in reality from a judicious motive, he attributes the fatal destiny of the race more especially to their connection with France. This it was that linked them with the cause of the Papacy: while from Mary of Guise, who ruled, he says, with all the ability and more than the moderation of her family, they inherited their "family failing" of dissimulation. In describing Mary, Queen of Scots, Mr. Sanford evidently places a strong restraint upon his feelings, and forces himself to admit that "her portraits impress one with the idea of a character possessing the elements of great good as well as great evil," winding up, however, with a parting stab to this effect, that "in both England and Scotland, Mary, except with interested partisans, was the object of deep detestation; while Elizabeth commanded the respect of both kingdoms and the warmest affection of one." James and Charles I. of England are accused by Mr. Sanford of a deliberate and well considered attempt to alter the English constitution; and, in place of what they very well knew it to be, to substitute a monarchy after the model of the continental absolutisms. "To England," says our author, of James, "his eyes were continually turned as to the land of promise, in which all these cherished dreams of royal autocracy were to be realised. This is strange enough; and proves sufficiently the shallowness of the royal pedant's philosophy, if we consider that in England the sacredness of Kings had just then received a greater shock in the trial and execution of Mary, than in any proceedings relative to that sovereign which had taken place in Scotland; and when we remember, that although the practical extent of the royal prerogative exercised by Elizabeth might have misled any one who was not conversant with the minor workings of his government, it would scarcely reasonably have deceived James, who was in constant communication and intrigue with the leading statesmen of England, and who through them must have been well acquainted with the real basis of the royal authority in this country, and with the rising power of the commons with which the Queen had to contend." What James learnt of the English government by these means, we shall find in the next essay that Charles learned by an early participation in his father's functions. But to follow Mr. Sanford's order—he draws one of the most unfavourable pictures of James I. with which we are acquainted, and quotes the opinion of various foreign ambassadors, to prove that they saw a convulsion impending over the country. After noticing one or two of the domestic events of his reign, such as the disputed Buckinghamshire election, of which Hallam has told us the importance, Mr. Sanford passes on to the foreign policy of James. He tells us that we are still smarting under the effects of that mistaken system. That the period during which James I. was King of England "was one of those eras in European politics which occur now and then, with the interval of centuries between them. According to the conduct of those who, at such a time, hold in their

hands the reins of government in the leading nations the destinies of the world are moulded, and the general course of events accurately defined." And he sees in the predominance of Roman Catholicism in Europe at the present day, and the destruction of the French gentry, the results of a policy which contributed to stifle the spirit of freedom that was inherent in Protestantism.

The title of Mr. Sanford's second essay is "Puritanism, Religious and Social." The chief point which he seems desirous of establishing in connection with the former aspect of it is, that it alone in England represented the spirit of the Reformation. And that what we now call the Church of England system was the growth of a later period, when the crown had begun to discover how robust a prop for its authority was to be found in the Anglican idea. Under the head of the social aspect of Puritanism he labours to overthrow, perhaps more carefully than any one had laboured to set up, the belief in Puritan eccentricities of manner, garb, and language. In confirmation of this view, he quotes Mrs. Hutchinson's character of her husband; the uniform of Cromwell's Body Guard; and endeavours to show that allusions "to Gideon and David" were only eccentric inasmuch as they sprung from a faith to which the rest of the nation was a stranger. All these propositions, as well as the preceding and the following, will, as we have before promised, be discussed in their proper place. At present we proceed with our analysis.

The gist of Mr. Sanford's third essay upon "The Antecedents and First Years of King Charles," is to show that Charles I. did not, any more than his father, ascend the throne of England in ignorance of the English constitution. "The part played by Charles in state affairs during the life of his father was from an early period far from inconsiderable." Proofs of this assertion are shown from his letters to the Duke of Buckingham, relating to the conduct of the House of Commons. And our author further proceeds to deduce from his conduct in regard to the Spanish marriage and the Spanish war, indications of what he is pleased to entitle his "perfidy" throughout his subsequent reign. This essay is enriched by some sketches of the great Roundhead leaders, which, as they require no comment, we shall illustrate at once by the following extracts:—

"The leader of the popular party in the Parliament of 1628-9 was Sir John Eliot, one of the many great men contributed by the west of England to this period of the national history. With talents of the highest order, Eliot combined much simple dignity of manner. Warm feelings, under the control of a severely-trained judgment, were blended in him with an almost stern sincerity and earnestness of purpose, which inspired his political associates with a deferential respect equal to their admiration and love. Himself disinterested in a high degree, he seemed to have along with this quality an instinctive perception of the existence of meaner and lower motives in others who passed with the world at large for disinterested patriots. A firm and unwavering friend, he was also without reproach in his domestic relations. He was not a mere politician; but had enriched his mind with the lore of antiquity, especially such as rose to the height of his own lofty ideas. Constitutional history, and the higher grades of literature, held equal sway in his tastes. He possessed the power of concentrating the results of his reading upon any subject with great effect; and this faculty renders his speeches richer in illustrative allusion than those of most of his contemporaries. In his religious opinions he must

be classed among the Puritans; and among that section of them who have been called Doctrinal Puritans. A strong opponent of Arminianism, he was Erastian in his ideas of church government, and was rather an enemy to the introduction of new doctrines and ceremonies than an advocate of a change in the constitution of the church of England. It only remains to be said that he was a complete master of the system of parliamentary tactics, and was second to no one in the management of the business of the House.

"In his public motives, as high-minded as Eliot, the character of John Pym, the son of a Somersetshire squire, presents in some points a striking contrast to that of his political associate. Eliot was naturally of an impetuous and fiery disposition, and his speeches have all the warmth in accordance with such a temperament. Pym was in general of a more equable and cautious disposition; and the kindness of his demeanour, and his agreeable social qualities, attracted to the cause of which he was the advocate many who would have shrunk from the sterner appeals of Eliot. At the same time, on great public occasions, there was a grave dignity in his bearing, which seemed to his contemporaries to represent fitly the public body of which he was so distinguished a member. In power of application to the most onerous and distasteful tasks, Pym stands unrivalled; and he surpasses all in the wonderful mastery which he obtained over a mass of seemingly disconnected details, and in the clear and vigorous manner in which he extracted the kernel of the matter from the dry husk of irrelevant circumstances in which it might be wrapped up. Equaling any antiquary in the minuteness and laboriousness of his examination of facts, he never sank under the weight of his own acquisitions; but, clothing them in simple but striking language, raised them, in their application, into the higher regions of broad and general principles. His eloquence, inferior to Eliot's in richness of illustration, and wanting his fervour of expression, was superior in natural ease, and accommodation to the minds of a mixed audience. Of an essentially constructive mind, he never fell down and worshipped the idols of his own creation, and always kept the opinions and feelings of others before his eyes. Less severe than Eliot in his judgment on the follies of the world around him, he had less of his instinctive recognition of baser motives, but he had greater acquired knowledge of men. The conduct of Pym would appear to have been more subject to the influence of worldly motives than that of Eliot; but it would be difficult to find an instance in which such influences were less open to blame. Thus, in the course of his political career, Pym associated with men, and employed instruments, from an acquaintance with whom, and from the use of which, Eliot's keen sensibilities would probably have shrunk; but it has never yet been shown that in his intercourse with the one, or in his employment of the other, he outstepped the limits of moral principle.

"In his relations with his family, Pym exhibits the same mixture of kind feelings with calm judgment and shrewd cautious foresight which marked his public conduct. The following unpublished letter is so characteristic, that no apology will be needed for inserting it in this connection. It is a model epistle from a kind but prudent father to a scapegrace son:—

To my son Alexander Pym, one of the Gentlemen of Colonel Herbert's Company in the States' Army. Deliver these with speed.

London, 23rd Nov., 1634.

Alexander,—I lately writ to you by a messenger sent by Allen the post, and delivered him 10/- to be paid unto you by the same messenger. In that letter I gave you leave to go from the army if you would, and to live in what part you thought good, till you should receive further direction from me. Since that time I have spoken with Mr. Darley, and he hath given me a good report of you; whereupon I have conceived some hope that I shall find you a changed man. Wherefore I am very willing to call you home. But, because I have not yet compounded with your creditors, though I have set one a-work to treat with two of the greatest of them which I can find—that is Wroth and Robins; Peck I know not where to incurre for; the rest I know none but Mr. Darley and Mr. Knightley—that I may have the most time to compound with them, I would not have you here till the end of January; and when you shall land, I would not have you come to me till you hear from me, for if they ever

take notice you are reconciled to me, I shall bring them to no reason. Therefore keep yourself private, and send to me before you come. I will then give you directions what to do. I have delivered Allen 5*l.* more, which he hath promised that you shall receive with this letter, which I hope will be sufficient to bring you home. Yet, lest you might have some extraordinary occasion, I have promised him to pay 5*l.* more, if you take up so much of his servant, which he saith shall furnish you, if there be need. Now let me see by your thrifty and discreet carriage in this small matter how I may trust you in greater, and assure yourself, as I am very apt to receive you, if you be truly a reformed man, so you will easily fall back into my displeasure, if you bring home your old faults and follies with you. Thus I pray God direct you in his fear, and command you to his blessing. Resting your loving father,

Jo. Pym.

[Across the back.] I have appointed Allen to pay all charges for this and the former money. If you can send me a private note of your other debts, and where I may find Mr. Peck, to whom you owe 50*l.*, I shall see better. Make all ready for your return, how soon I permit you to come, in a private manner, and to be here by the end of January.

It is satisfactory to know that Alexander Pym became a reformed character, a respectable member of society, and a colonel in the Puritan army."

The characters of Strafford and Hampden are drawn with equal care, but do not present any peculiar features, and are too well known to require quotation. The essay concludes by some general observations on the relative position of the King and Parliament at the close of the session of 1628, in the course of which Mr. Sanford expresses his opinion that—

"From the day when Charles I. assented to the Petition of Right, we are relieved, so far as the Stuarts are concerned, from any remote inquiries as to precedents for royal power or popular liberties. The inquiry has been made; and the decision is contained in the Act thus ratified by the sovereign. The Constitution was not really changed by this enactment; it was simply cleared from arbitrary interpolations. Thus commenced a new era with the House of Stuart; and it is by their conduct, from this day forward, relatively to the Constitution, to a definite interpretation of which they had thus given their sanction, that the justice or injustice of the resistance afterwards offered to them in the senate and on the battlefield is rightly to be estimated."

The chapter on the early life of Oliver Cromwell is, as might be expected, rather of a personal and antiquarian, than of a public and political character. It terminates with his return to the Long Parliament, and though it probably has cost Mr. Sanford as much trouble as any two of his other chapters put together, affords little ground for either comment or controversy.

It is in the chapter entitled "Strafford and Pym" that Mr. Sanford more especially makes out his claim to an earlier examination of Sir Simonds D'Ewes's journal than that undertaken by Mr. Forster, of which that gentleman's lately published *Essay on "The Grand Remonstrance"* was the fruits. Mr. Sanford's acquaintance with this valuable document was perfected between the years 1846 and 1850. His inquiries being probably stimulated by an article on the same subject in the *Edinburgh Review* of 1846, from the pen of Mr. John Bruce. In this chapter accordingly we find all that graphic portraiture of the interior of the House of Commons which formed so interesting a feature in Mr. Forster's volume. The trial of Strafford is related with great clearness, and with, of course, a strong bias in the author's mind against the prisoner. We could have wished, however, that Mr. Sanford, as a lawyer, had taken this opportunity of treating the question of high treason at some length. In the present essay, little or nothing is said to reconcile us to the conduct of the impeachment; and we must say, that as far as constitutional law is concerned, the point remains as much *sub judice* as

ever. Mr. Sanford lets us see that he agrees with the verdict which consigned Wentworth to the scaffold, but is singularly sparing of his reasons for entertaining that opinion. Mr. Sanford, we should add, seems to believe that it was quite within the king's power to have saved Lord Strafford, either by a warm appeal to the sympathies of parliament, or by the stronger step of dissolution. Many persons have thought that the reason he did not do this was from an unwillingness to interfere any further with the wishes of the Houses of Parliament. Mr. Sanford, however, in common with all the fashionable haters of the Stuarts, prefers to believe that Charles was actuated exclusively by his natural love of perfidy, and that the temptation of breaking his word was one that he could never resist. All this foolish extravagance will, however, we have no doubt be some day rectified.

(To be continued.)

Missionary Adventures in Texas and Mexico; a Personal Narrative of Six Years' Sojourn in those Regions. By the Abbé Domenech. Translated from the French, under the Author's superintendence. (Longmans.)

This book merits the highest praise, which it also requires, in order that it may attract that share of public attention to which it is honestly entitled. It possesses every essential requisite for popularity in this country, but that of favourable self-introduction. Who knows anything about the Abbé Domenech? And who, among general readers, cares to know anything more about Texas and Mexico than he knows already? Those regions are by no means virgin soil. They have been pretty well "done to death" by literary nomads of every degree of skill, ranging from the late Edward Ruxton to the author of "Con Cregan," the zenith and nadir (though, to be sure, Captain Mayne Reid still lives to dispute the claim to one of those distinctions) of excellence in their peculiar department of letters. Nor will the Abbé command a more favourable reception from the announcement of his clerical and missionary capacities. Books of missionary adventure are naturally eyed with distrust by the lay reader. They are sure to be sectarian and most likely to be dull. If they are well written, as is not unfrequently the case, and abounding in charms of incident and description (let us not forget that both David Livingstone and Charles Kingsley have only become writers in the second, because they had been missionaries in the first, instance—whether to the savages of Southern Africa or of Eastern London is of no consequence), the literary element is, as it very properly should be, invariably made subservient to the apostolic. We feel that the writer is not aiming so much to amuse or instruct, though he may do both incidentally, as to convert us. And who likes to be converted, or to have a tooth out, however much benefit may result from either operation? When, as in the present case, the missionary author happens to be also a Roman Catholic priest, he becomes to all classes without the pale of his own Church the object of tenfold suspicion. For your Romish priest is never supposed to be "off duty." Writing or talking, sleeping or waking, it is never believed that he can relax for a single moment in the pursuit of the main business of his life, that of making proselytes. His business is the sole earthly calling of which the professors are not per-

mitted to "sink the shop" for the smallest space of breathing time. Therefore it behoves you to be eternally on your guard when such a man seeks, with voice or pen, to interest you in his conversation. If you find him pleasant and chatty stop your ears at once. Do not swallow a spoonful of his verbal honey! There is sure to be a strong dose of Jesuit's bark in it. If he offers you solid food in the shape of valuable scientific or historical information, on no account think of touching a morsel. These are but poisoned sops thrown to your vigilance, which faithful guardian being effectually settled, the midnight thief will enter and ransack your premises. If he broaches the subject of religion, of course you can fight him openly. But should he carefully abstain from anything of the kind, you are on no account to attribute his reserve, as you might in the case of a Jew, a Mormonite, a Mussulman, or an Atheist, to the dictates of common politeness and consideration for the prejudices of an adverse thinker. You are to regard it merely as a proof of consummate skill in the art of veiling a subtle design, for the skill must be consummate which baffles your detection. How much or how little foundation there may be for this universal mistrust of the Romish priesthood is a question we do not wish to enter into. It is sufficient that it exists as a standing obstacle to the success of a Roman Catholic writer in a country where his own religion is but slenderly represented, at any rate among the reading portions of the community. And he will find it opposed to him, not merely among the so-called "religious," but among the most indifferent and latitudinarian classes of Protestant England, for England can be eminently Protestant even when not in the least degree pious. His clerical garb and title will be sufficient to spread the alarm on his arrival. No merit of his can save him. All the talents and graces in his hands are regarded as dangerous weapons. If on the other hand he turns out to be merely a stupid fellow, then of course the evil brings its own remedy, and he is straightway consigned to the nameless limbo appointed to receive the blockheads of all creeds and ages.

You will soon find that the Abbé Domenech is by no means a blockhead, and will not have enjoyed his acquaintance long ere you forget that he is anything but a charming writer. First let the timorous Anglican reader dismiss from his mind any apprehensions of a proselytising tendency in the book before us. The Abbé Domenech is a Romanist *acharné*, if you please. But he is so satisfied of the infallibility of his Church that he does not think the matter worth a moment's controversy. He would as soon go out of his way to demonstrate to you that the world is round, or that two and two make four, as take any trouble to set before you any of what he considers the self-evident truths of his creed. So that you will hear no more from him of a nature to weaken your existing convictions—whatever they may be—than you would in listening to a lecture on medical science by a Jewish physician, or to an extract from the "Thousand and One Nights" narrated by a Mahomedan story-teller. Your spiritual condition gives our Abbé no concern whatever. You are not of his parish. He has been away doing clerical duty in an odd out-of-the-way place, whence he has brought home some capital stories. You may listen, if you like, with the rest of the faithful or the heathen,

whichever class you may happen to belong to. It is of no consequence to the narrator, who is at present home on sick leave, and bent on amusing himself and his neighbours to the best of his ability. The Abbé's written adventures are interesting in themselves on purely literary grounds—no more or less from the fact that their hero happened to be a priest engaged in an attempt to extend the dogmas of a religion we may not particularly care about, than they would have been if experienced by the travelling agent of a society for the conversion of live buffaloes into preserved meats, or for the propagation of Manchester cotton prints among the Comanches and Lipans of the Texan prairies.

The book is a delightful surprise. The writer reminds us of Old Fips, the hard, dry, taciturn city man in "Martin Chuzzlewit," who astonishes the guests at a family merrymaking by turning out "the jolliest dog that ever did violence to his convivial feelings by shutting himself up in a dark office." The early pages of the work lead us to form no conception of the treat that is to come. We read in a few sterile paragraphs how the writer, an embryo priest of Lyons, "not quite twenty years of age," and not having "entirely completed his ecclesiastical studies," was in the year 1845 induced by the exhortations of Dr. Odin, vicar-apostolic of Texas, at that time on a visit to Europe "in search of missionary priests to minister to the spiritual wants of the rapidly increasing colonies of Europeans which were then settling down in his diocese," to volunteer his services in the required direction. His offer is accepted, and the young Abbé sails on his mission, with a foreknowledge that he is going to face a life of "dangers and hardships, sufferings and adventures of all sorts," for which he seems to us ludicrously unfit. Indeed, the first glimmering of interest the Abbé awakens in us is of the kind one cannot help feeling for a well-intentioned foolish fellow, who has got himself into a scrape, which we are curious to see how he will get out of. He is young, inexperienced, penniless. He has diseased lungs and no stomach worth speaking of. He whines piteously, like a poor homesick schoolboy as he is, over the petty sufferings and great misgivings that beset him on the outset of his pilgrimage. He all but dies of sea-sickness on the outward voyage; but *cela va sans dire*, for he is of French origin. Later on, we discover that he does not know a word of any language but his own and a little Italian. And it turns out that his pastoral services will be required among a flock composed, almost to a man, of Germans, Irish, and Spanish or Anglo-Saxon Americans. Of what use can he be? He cannot stand wet, heat, cold, hunger, or thirst. A single night spent *à la belle étoile* lays the seeds of incurable disease in his system. A plug of tobacco that he is once prevailed upon to chew, as a substitute for food on a long journey, throws him into a burning fever. A small glass of whiskey, taken medicinally, stupefies him. He is in permanent and mortal terror of Indians, alligators, and rattlesnakes. What on earth took this puny weakling to the inclement wilds of Texas? *Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?* You feel inclined to box his ears for his conceited temerity, but that the poor fellow is already sufficiently punished.

It takes the Abbé some time to get to Texas, for he has to stop two years by the way to complete his ecclesiastical studies at the College of St. Louis. He gives us some

trite descriptions of and reflections upon American scenery and manners that are all but unreadable. The Abbé is still a raw schoolboy, and still writes like one. You hope he will think better of his rash resolve, and go home to his mother; but he doesn't. He goes to Texas in May, 1848, where he introduces us to a bishop, whose episcopal residence at Galveston is "composed of three wretched huts," and who sends him, the Abbé, into the interior to assist a fellow-countryman, the Abbé Dubuis, in the cure of souls at a remote settlement called Castroville. His lordship appears to have overlooked the trifling necessity of supplying his *protégé* with a sufficiency of funds for his journey. After three or four days of miserable travelling, the poor lad finds himself without the means of paying for a meal, and with 200 miles of unknown country still between him and his destination. He is rescued from this dilemma, almost providentially, by meeting the very Abbé Dubuis whom he is going to join, and who is himself returning in utter despair of his mission—driven away by absolute starvation and the hostility of his parishioners. Not at all a cheerful picture! The Abbé Dubuis has not enough money to enable our forlorn traveller to retrace his steps. But he manages to spare him a sufficiency to carry him on to a town called San Antonio, where there is a missionary college established. Abbé Domenech has no alternative. He goes to San Antonio, where the Holy Fathers of the college do not accord him an enthusiastic reception, but they kindly allow him to take up his residence in a cock-loft, where onions, pimento, garlic, and other escutents are put to dry for the use of the establishment, which is after all something. Here the Abbé is in some sort a prisoner, being unable "to take a walk through the town in the day-time on account of the heat," and afraid to venture beyond its precincts for fear of Indians. A missionary hero this! There is good reason for his caution, however, as the parish priest assures him that he himself dare not accompany a corpse to the cemetery—"scarcely a pistol-shot from his own house"—without being protected by armed men. But the Abbé's confinement in the cock-loft is not solitary. His abode is shared by "dormice, rats, spiders, mosquitoes, and insects of every denomination in myriads," so that he could not have wanted for either exercise or amusement.

By this time we have got used to the poor simple *brebis égarée* and learnt to like him. We find him to be a very genuine fellow, who has somewhat rashly walked out in the dark on to unknown ground; but we can at least respect his motives. It is no spasmodic freak of vanity that has brought him to the wilderness. He is sustained at least by an *idée fixe*. He believes he may yet do some good among those Irish, German, and Mexican settlers in the inhospitable parish, where he still intends to take up his abode as soon as he can muster funds and courage for the journey, and is anxious to qualify himself for his future career. Still he mistrusts himself horribly, and makes us share his misgivings. Still we believe him to be the wrong man in the wrong place. Still we think he would be much better at home, *à la maison*, with Madame Domenech, *mère*, at Lyons. Still we keep asking ourselves what the deuce he went to do on board that galley? It should be stated that at this stage of his labours (bringing us to about

p. 40 of the volume) the Abbé urges the unexpected claim upon our respect of having begun to write sensibly, clearly, and unaffectedly.

The Abbé Domenech's temporary residence at San Antonio was to a certain extent necessary. He is not yet an ordained priest; and in order to be intrusted with the care of souls, it is of course indispensable that he should become one. The Missionary College is the only accessible establishment where the ceremony of his ordination can be performed. Our Abbé (the title by the way does not yet belong to him, but we have used it hitherto for convenience) does not like the idea of taking orders at all. He fears more than ever that he will not be "strong enough for the place." His strength of mind and body are exhausted. His resolution seems inclined to break down at the last moment. He even meditates running away, actually conceiving the "silly project of returning on foot to Galveston." Sense of duty, however, conquers. He screws his courage to the sticking-place, and puts his shaven head under the hands of the bishop. He has done it! But he feels no more comfortable after the first plunge into the sea of priestly responsibilities than before it, and makes no pretence of being so. The confessions of conscious weakness with which these pages abound are no less touching than amusing.

Abbé Dubuis has returned to San Antonio, determined on giving the stray whitey-brown sheep of Castroville another trial. Our newly ordained priest, in adherence to the original intention of his journey, is appointed to share the parochial duties of his compatriot. The "duty" is not light; the parishioners, chiefly German Catholic settlers and the Irish soldiers employed in the American service to repress the incursions of the Indian tribes, being scattered in various townships, camps, and agricultural stations over a district a little larger than Ireland. Our Abbé takes up his abode in Castroville, and with his official installation the real interest of the book commences.

The lengthy but never-flagging narrative of the Abbé Domenech's "roughing it in the bush;" of his ludicrous shifts and contrivances to keep up appearances, and even to support life; of his real perils and actual sufferings; of his unsophisticated simplicity of character contrasted with rare native shrewdness; his imperturbable good humour under the greatest trials; and above all, his tardily developed but invincible courage, that rarest and most valuable kind of courage which embodies a man to face what he is mortally afraid of, and afterwards to confess how much it frightened him—the history of all this, embellished as it is by thrilling episodes of semi-civilised life, hair-breadth escapes from Indians, wild beasts, and reptiles; incidents of all manner of plague, pestilence, famine, battle, murder, and sudden death; sketches of character, picturesque, humorous, and pathetic; pictures of Nature in her wildest aspects, drawn by a man who has grown as it were to be an accomplished artist and naturalist under our very eyes, constitutes a most original and entertaining prose epic. The book is a curious mirror of the writer's gradual psychological development. The author improves with the man. This is to be explained doubtless to a great extent by the fact that the basis of the work has been a journal, recording events as they occurred, with such powers of thought and language as the journalist was master of

at the time. Still, the collateral progression is remarkable. The writer is at first, as has been implied, dull, pedantic, and obscure. With every page a cloud of affection or irrelevancy seems to disappear. Proportionately as you forget the schoolboy and get reconciled to the practical man as one who after all has *not* mistaken his vocation, but whose great moral courage, high intelligence, and sense of duty more than counterbalance his avowed physical incapacities for the career he has chosen, you find the story-teller

"Grow in wit, and worth, and sense,"

till after a regular Tattenham Corner gallop through the last hundred and fifty pages, you close the volume, gasping regretfully that there is no more, with the conviction that you have been reading "*ung livre de bonne foi*," written by a highly accomplished man of no ordinary mental calibre. The concluding pictures of Mexican ranchero life along the Rio Grande, and of the disturbances at Matamoros, resulting from Carvajal's ill-advised *pronunciamiento* in 1850, (where our Abbé honourably distinguished himself by his strenuous and untiring exertions in the cause of mercy,) are masterly specimens of unaffected descriptive writing.

It does not enter into our plan to treat of the Abbé Domenech in any but his literary capacity. With the objects and success of his two missions (he visited France in 1850, and re-embarked for America after a few months' absence) we have nothing to do. It may be gratifying to the anti-Catholic reader to learn that both appear to have been failures. Our truthful Abbé does not attempt to conceal that he made no way at all with the incorrigible Castrovillians, who laughed in his face when he asked them for baptismal or school fees, who would not pay him for the school-books which he had purchased for their children out of his own pocket, and by all of whom he was, on one occasion, refused the loan of a slice of butter—not that butter was at a premium, but that the priesthood was at a discount. The Abbé and his colleague were many times constrained to live upon "snake meat" and delicate ragouts of *cats* (!) which they fattened for the purpose. On one occasion they thought a sirloin of alligator (the Abbé will persist in calling the animal a crocodile, which it could not possibly have been) a perfect godsend; but on the creature being cooked there was found to emanate from its flesh "a powerful odour of musk, which got into our heads and destroyed our appetites." This was a pity, as alligators at least were plentiful in the vicinity. Finally, the two poor fellows were literally starved out, and forced to beat a retreat.

At Brownsville, an American seaport immediately on the Mexican border, the residence to which our Abbé was appointed on his second expedition, he appears to have fared rather better. At all events he enjoyed a comfortable residence, agreeable society, and many of the advantages of civilised existence. Even here though, the mission appears to have been a losing game. The Abbé complains of incorrigibility of the religious principle among the so-called Catholic population. He still seems harassed by that eternal lack of pence which vexes public men. He is sorely beset by Yankee Methodists, Baptists, and Episcopalians, who are the bane of his clerical existence. Moreover the condition of his health is now hopeless. In

the autumn of 1852 he finds himself wholly incompetent to the fatigues of his office, which he reluctantly resigns and returns to his native land, as he believes (but as we trust the result has not proved), a dying man. Our parting with the good Abbé is a sad one. For we have learnt to love him, and cannot disguise the conviction that his valuable life has been fruitlessly sacrificed—to what?

The Abbé Domenech being the least pretentious of writers, (and he a Frenchman!) seldom aiming at a point though occasionally making a good one, and his pictures of life being recommended by fidelity of outline and a pervading truthfulness of colour rather than by any studied groupings or violent contrasts of chiaro-scuro, his pages do not readily lend themselves to quotation. Nevertheless a pearl here and there may be found that will bear removal from its setting. We have only room for one—the history of that alligator which the Abbé caught, cooked, and couldn't eat, and which he will persist in calling a crocodile :

"One Thursday when our treasure amounted to ten sous, and the children had a holiday, I provided myself with ammunition and started in company with Charles, a young French gentleman and a keen sportsman, to shoot wild turkeys on the picturesque banks of the Medina. After beating the bushes and copsewood, to the utter destruction of our clothes and hands, we failed to start a single bird. Seeing this, my companion directed his attention to coveys of partridges, which whizzed by us at every step. I continued my way along the river's edge, picking my steps with great caution, lest I should tread on rattlesnakes or *congos*,—hideous black serpents, extremely dangerous, which abound in the neighbourhood of watercourses. I arrived at length at a bend of the river where the water calmly reposed under the shadow of enormous fig trees. Athwart the foliage of the sun's rays gilded the parti-coloured water-lilies, which formed the framework of this sparkling mirror. The chase was soon forgotten, and whilst I stood admiring this lovely spot, the leaves of the water-lilies were agitated, and I observed them disappear, and form, as it were, a pathway under the water. It at once occurred to me that some large fish was taking his promenade through this delicious aquatic garden, when suddenly I recognised the bony, dark brown back of a crocodile.

"In general, when I apprehend even an imaginary danger, my first impulse is to avoid it; nevertheless, should any useful object be attained by confronting it, my second impulse brings me into its presence; hence I resolved on killing this amphibious creature, with a view to increase our stock of provisions. Being provided with small shot only, I charged the gun heavily with it, in the fervent hope that the animal would turn the side of his head towards me. I raised the gun to my shoulder, and stood ready to fire. But whether it was ill-luck, or that the crocodile suspected danger, the fact is, he only exposed the front of his head. At length, however, he did make the desired move: I fired, and the animal disappeared under water. Have I missed him? No. Something comes up to the surface of the water. I leaped for joy on perceiving that it was the crocodile's belly. In truth I was very proud. This animal is so hideous that I had no pity for him. I called out to my companion with all my strength. He at the same moment was hurling anathemas against my shot, the report of which had frightened some partridges which he had kept in view for the last quarter of an hour. Still, fearing that some accident had occurred, he ran towards me in all haste, and entered into all my delight at the sight of this enormous piece of game, which floated like a quantity of wood on the surface of the water. Still our task was only half done; it remained for us to secure the prize. The river, on issuing from the basin, became very narrow and rapid. Our enormous prey floated

down with the current, very slowly, to be sure, but should it once reach this narrow spot, it was entirely lost to us. The basin was very deep, so that we durst not venture in, as neither of us could swim; and although at the place where the river entered, it was shallow enough, yet there was danger of being carried into the deep water beyond our depth by the strength of the current. Quite undecided as how we should manage, and filled with disagreeable misgivings, we followed the motion of the crocodile with anxious minds. Fortunately, a tree which floated down before it, arrived crosswise, having encountered some obstacle at the point where the river issues from the basin, stopped, and arrested the motion of the crocodile. Time was thus afforded to consider what was the best to be done.

"I recollect there was a farm-house on the other side of the river, about half-a-mile distant from us. I resolved therefore to cross the river with my clothes on, a task of no small difficulty, a dangerous one too, as I was up to my arm-pits in water. Having reached the farm-house, I found no one there, and retraced my steps quite out of sorts. The second passage of the river was even more dangerous than the first, and I was nigh falling into a hole, into which the water flung itself with tremendous fury. What was to be done now? We cut a long thick *iane*, which was to be our harpoon; and having advanced into the water up to the waist, I cast it over the crocodile's back (for by this time his back was again uppermost), and we by this means drew him to the bank. All at once his tail commenced to lash our legs. Off we set at the top of our speed, uttering cries of horror the while. We fancied that those jaws of eighteen inches, and armed with sixty-seven long sharp teeth, were at our heels. At length we stopped. 'Sure as a gun,' said I, 'he is dangerously wounded, and these movements of the tail are either the last convulsions of expiring life, or merely the agitation of the water which we set in motion.' This tail, too, was to me a subject of serious reflection. Report said it was excellent for culinary purposes; it would serve therefore to save, in a very satisfactory way, our provisions of dried and smoked meat. Having recharged my pistol and rifle, we returned, but the crocodile had not moved. I fired point-blank into his eye, and under the shoulder, not indeed without trembling a little. He was dead at last, there could be no doubt about it now. In length he measured ten feet, and in circumference, round the middle of the carcase, four feet. He was a little too heavy to be carried by two men. We therefore abandoned him for the moment, half plunged in the water and mud, with his belly turned up to the sun, and off we started for Castroville, to procure assistance and announce our victory. Although crocodiles are not rare in the Medina, still they are very seldom killed. The news caused quite a sensation in the town. A wagon set out without delay, followed by a veritable procession as uproarious and as gay as one can well imagine. The distance was six miles. It required six men to put the animal into the wagon. Although killed in the morning, it did not reach our garden until the evening. On opening it we found in the stomach two stones as large as the fist, six others as large as hens' eggs, besides a quantity of pebbles. Add to this seven or eight entire lobsters. The cooking of it was a real *fête*. It is only the fleshy portions of the tail that are eaten. We distributed it liberally. The flesh did not strike me as well flavoured. It was but too evident that the animal had lain in the mud during the hottest part of the day. There also emanated from it a powerful odour of musk, which got into our heads, and destroyed our appetites. This odour remained in our clothes for more than a week afterwards."

After this memorable contest, let us have no more of St. George and the Dragon. David Copperfield's own book never contained a better crocodile story than the above. Is not the Abbé's elation at finding that he has actually disabled the monster something charming? Alone he did it! Such an ugly

crocodile, too. So hideous, that even gentle Abbé Domenech could feel no pity for him. So ill-favoured a Saurian deserved to be put out of the way.

The Abbé and his colleague decide on building a new church: 160*l.* is the capital required for the workmanship. Our Abbé starts on a begging expedition for the collection of that amount—only as far as New Orleans. Scarcely a two thousand miles journey in point of fact! Still as our traveller does not possess an entire sovereign, or what is equally important, an entire pair of inexpressibles with which to start on his errand—the undertaking is beset by serious embarrassments. However, he gets to New Orleans, where an Irish Catholic at once gives him twenty piastres towards the new church, and a benevolent Jew tailor (alas! there are no such Jew tailors left in Europe) makes him a present of an entire new suit of clothes, adding to the gift a subscription of five piastres towards the church fund. A free-thinking Voltairean renegade of a Jew tailor, that we should imagine. More Catholics and more Jews (they have wonderful Jews in those parts it seems) come forward with tolerable liberality, and enable our young clerical Bohemian to return to Texas with almost enough money for the proposed architectural experiment. Messieurs les Abbés Dubuis and Domenech take off their threadbare coats, tuck up their tattered shirt sleeves, and apply themselves to the erection of their new temple, with bricks they themselves have made with a deplorable inadequacy of straw.

Not the least amusing part of the book are the Abbé's ludicrous misconceptions and misrepresentations of the United States-American character and institutions, with which his pages abound. These are perfectly natural in a Frenchman, ignorant of the English language, which our author does not appear to have mastered any more successfully than the generality of his countrymen. Moreover, the Abbé's simplicity of character renders him the most gullible of mortals; and the stories he repeats from hearsay appear curiously in contrast with those he narrates from his own shrewd observation. He has evidently formed his ideal type of the Yankee upon tradition. The portrait is not flattering, nor is it even recognisable as a caricature. It is all wrong, in fact. There is the excuse for his ignorance of the race, that he could have had few opportunities of forming their acquaintance, and, for his dislike of them, that the more endearing virtues of our Transatlantic cousins do not lie on the surface. These inaccuracies, however, form but a very trifling blemish in a very delightful book. Still they are a blemish. The Abbé Domenech, who so minutely and glowingly describes the burning landscapes and picturesque village life of the Rio Grande, and whose vaticinations on the future of Mexico, at the close of the volume, earn from us the respect due to a comprehensive and far-seeing, if not a dispassionate political mind, does not seem to us the same Abbé that we have met with elsewhere, repeating old women's stories of incredible barbarities practised on the soldiers of the United States' army, and drawing preposterous caricatures out of all human proportions, purporting to be likenesses of the magistracy, clergy, and heads of the liberal professions generally of Brownsville, Texas, U.S. These may be highly ridiculous people, and we dare say they are. But internal evidence assures us that the Abbé

Domenech has not hit off their absurdities correctly.

In conclusion, we may state that the Abbé's anonymous translator has put him into very fair English, only disfigured here and there by a few obvious (but rarely misleading) Gallicisms, which may be the result of the "author's superintendence." The Messrs. Longmans have considered our author entitled to the highest honours of paper and typography. A map of Texas on a large scale, marked with a red line indicating the Abbé's various routes of pilgrimage, accompanies the volume, and cannot fail to be of valuable assistance to the reader.

Rita: An Autobiography. Two Vols.
(Bentley.)

ANOTHER, and another, and another authress! The cry of reviewers is, "still they come." When we meet in society a lady who has never written a book, we shall be ready to exclaim, after M. de Talleyrand, *Ma foi, c'est très distingué.* To be a reader only, and not a writer, is a distinction of which few gentle-women are conscious or capable in these latter days. It is only too probable that the beauty of the ball-room, whose lisp you have listened to in rapture, rather for the sake of the coral lips and the pearly teeth through which the syllables were flowing, than for the wit or wisdom of the speech, is at this very moment plotting three volumes against your peace. Where is the remedy? Novel writing is one of the rights of women, which, without clamour or agitation, the unfair sex has quietly and decisively appropriated on the plea that it is a domestic, useless, and ornamental labour, and therefore legitimately feminine. We can only submit in meekness, and study needlework and crochet. Let us hope that the writers of novels will descend occasionally to the conventional duties of wives and mothers; we cannot of course expect them to waste their genius and style upon the penny post. A "Woman of Letters," now-a-days, is not a Sevigné writing imperishable nothings to her daughter, but a purveyor of strong feeling and lofty language to the circulating library.

After this bilious preface we should do well to avow without delay that "Rita" is at least superior to half the novels that overrun our table. In the first place, it is in two volumes instead of three. In the second, it has few moral reflections; in the third, it has a story to tell, and tells it; in the fourth, it is stamped with the seal of actual experience. The writing is tolerably free from redundancy and affectation, and sometimes even attains the difficult virtue of a strong simplicity: the personages, moreover, have the look of life, and not of copies from other novels; here and there the observation of character is singularly acute, and the insight searching, if not profound. Moreover, in the composition and framework of the story there is an air of vigorous ease and sincerity and a dash of careless power which invite attention and respect. On the other hand, there are large exceptions to be taken to this meed of praise. As an "autobiography," a story that concludes with the hero and heroine marrying, and being "happy ever after," is an imposition against which the reader, however kindly disposed, is inclined to protest. The English public no doubt is apt to insist on a happy finale; but in the present instance it is impossible not to feel that art is sacrificed to facts, or that the facts were insusceptible of art. There is originality in the sketch of Colonel Percival, the gay, handsome, and utterly selfish man of fashion, who marries the younger daughter of an earl after being refused by her elder sister, and flying to France from debts and duns in England, breaks his wife's heart and beggars his children amidst the smiles of society. There is reality in his miserable *ménage* in Paris; in its slatternly discomfort and disorder, its mockery and makebelieve. Colonel Percival borrows, gambles, seduces poor girls, intrigues with demure fine ladies, leaves his wife and children dinnerless and penniless on a fourth story, while he takes his pleasure in the world; sallies out well booted and well gloved, and never without ready money to squander on his pleasures, whilst a pack of angry creditors are raging at his door. This is a painful sketch, not an unreal one, and it is drawn with all the poignant exactness of a remembrance. Marguerite (the "Rita" of the story) has not the same life-like distinctness; she resembles some other heroines whom we have met in novels (and nowhere else), and has a tinge of what we may be allowed to denominate Jane Eyreishness; a quality, we confess, a little overdone by female novelists of late. The forcible-minded young lady who has a taste, and even a faculty, for high art, and who sells her pictures by stealth, is a personage we would fain lose sight of for a while. Marie Dumont, the poor *brodeuse*, whom Rita Percival meets at a pawnbroker's, and who turns out to be the victim of the gallant colonel's desertion and the mother of Monsieur Edward Brown's child, reminds us of the Marion of Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh," as Mr. Rochford reminds us for a moment of the philanthropic hero of that poem. Mr. Rochford by the bye is an indisputable bore, and it is very much to our vexation and surprise that, after being engaged to another girl who has the good sense to shake him off, he marries Rita, who has been silly enough to love him at first sight. Lord Rawdon is a melodramatic mixture of Byron and Monte Christo; but in spite of all his moodiness and mystery, he is so much better a fellow than the virtuous and didactic Rochford that we can't forgive Rita for rejecting him, after running away with him as far as Amiens on a dark and stormy night. This incident of Rita's voluntary abduction from a ball at the Hôtel de Ville in Lord Rawdon's carriage, which has been waiting all night for his signal from a window (with relays in readiness along the road to Calais), is neither new nor natural. Lady Greybrook, the heartless and dilapidated old woman of fashion, is cleverly and mercilessly sketched; we dare say she may have been seen last season in the park and at the opera. The minor characters are perhaps the most successful in the story; especially the good old general of the Empire and his ugly but loveable wife; both deserving a better name than *gobemouche*. Miss Lateward, the devoted and pedantic governess, is a genuine study, and her ferociously correct and sensible letters are in excellent keeping. Felician Ismael and Barac, the picture-dealers, are recognisable portraits, not of individuals but of types. The scenes of Parisian society in which the vaporous and fragile Russian countess and the decrepit old marquis (to whom the colonel would sell his daughter) are contrasted with the healthy heartiness of Charles Murray, the young English gentleman, and the straightforward sincerity and stern propriety of the Scottish Lady

Janet Ogilvie, are the best chapters in the volumes.

There are three incidents however which we cannot accept without remonstrance. Rita, when a child, overhears a conversation between her aunt, Lady Dacre, and her father, by which she discovers that the aunt has paid her brother-in-law's debts over and over again, and knows more of his way of life than she cares to tell. He addresses her, his sister-in-law (and his first love), by her Christian name. Rita is shocked and terrified by this conversation, not because she overhears it, but because it reveals to her—what but her aunt's kindness? we do not understand. Again, the discovery that Marie Dumont is the mother of M. Edouard Brown's child, and that M. Edouard Brown is Colonel Percival, is announced as something terrific, yet nothing comes of it; and seeing that the colonel (who after worrying his wife to death, marries a hard and cruel French *intrigante*) is the most likely man in the world to be the "M. Edouard Brown" to half the Foundling Hospital, we are at a loss to understand the sudden horror at such a discovery. The scene in which Rita falls by a mistake in an address into the midst of a *soirée* of the *demi-monde* is a capital bit of description, but improbable as it is unpleasant. Making all deductions, however, we may say that there is no lack of art and perception, of knowledge of the world, and sound courageous feeling in this "Autobiography," and it is very little disfigured by the cant morality, the shallow sentiment, and the slipshod writing of ordinary novels. We take leave of Rita in the hope of meeting her again without Mr. Rochford.

The Earls of Kildare and their Ancestors from 1057 to 1773. By the Marquis of Kildare. 3rd Edition. (Dublin : Hodges, Smith & Co.)

EARLY in the fourteenth century, we learn from the volume before us, "a feud broke out between the Geraldines of Desmond, aided by the Butlers and Berminghams on the one side, and the Poers and De Burghs on the other, in consequence of Arnold de Poer having called Maurice Fitzgerald, afterwards created Earl of Desmond, a *rhymer!*" This is hardly the kind of outrage which, in these days of ministerial novelists, and of literary institution chairmanships, would provoke the mortal hostility of a British nobleman. Still, the prejudices of race are ineradicable. The present noble representative of the princely house of Geraldine, the author of the compilation under notice, would seem to have as lively a horror of anything approaching a literary reputation as that of the sensitive Maurice himself, such extreme care has he taken to keep out of his pages anything calculated to brand him with the stigma of popular authorship, which he has had the narrowest escape of incurring after all. A little more, and the Marquis of Kildare would have written a delightful book! An interesting one he has actually produced, as we cannot help thinking, in spite of himself. The intrinsic merits of his subject left him no help for this. The fighting Fitzgeralds of Kildare were great men, and the barest monumental record of their achievements must arrest the passing reader's attention. Lord Kildare, to the task of preparing what, in a preface of grand-signorial curtness, he modestly styles his "notices" of his warlike ancestors, has brought zeal, sound judgment, conscientiousness, and a

laudable degree of industry. There his lordship has prudently stopped. Had he rashly conceded the least outlay of the imaginative faculty, flavoured his raw facts with the merest *souçon* of fancy, tinted his severe and undeniably correct outline with the faintest "wash" of colour, there would have been no help for him. He must inevitably have fallen from his present bleak pinnacle of isolated grandeur headlong among the ignoble crowd of public entertainers, to be confounded with their ranks for ever. But his lordship has kept his footing bravely, and we congratulate him—at our former respectful distance.

It is, of course, mere pleasantry to assume that Lord Kildare has voluntarily rejected the honours of a literary success. That he has not even tried for them the world will accept as a proof of conscious incapacity for their achievement. Had the crown been within his lordship's reach we must presume that he would have lifted his hand to take it. He would no doubt have preferred writing a picturesque and well digested historical narrative to compiling a mere dry chronological record of events like the rest of us-peers or commoners—had he possessed the ability for the former kind of undertaking. And it is not fair to blame a man for failing in a task he has never thought of attempting. It is no fault in a land surveyor that his maps are not landscapes, or in a fiddle manufacturer that he cannot play a Beethoven symphony. Lord Kildare has not embellished his map by so much as a single marginal sketch of tree or cottage, and seems woefully afraid of damaging the fiddle of his handiwork by the twanging of a single chord with his own fingers. But he has drawn a very good map, which the wandering artist who may care to visit the territory it represents will find a most serviceable *carte de voyage*; he has finished and tuned a very excellent musical instrument, ready to the minstrel's hands. To dismiss metaphor, the Marquis of Kildare has collected and arranged the complete materials for a history of his ancestors, which has yet to be written.

We regret that the task should not have originally fallen, or been transferred at its present incomplete stage, into abler or more willing hands for its conduct to a satisfactory conclusion. We say "more willing," for we cannot wholly absolve the noble marquis of a suspicion that he could have given us a better book had he been so disposed. We cannot help thinking that aristocratic *hauteur* and false dignity—forbidding the condescension of familiarity with so common a personage as the "general reader"—have had much to do with the stiffness and reserve maintained by his lordship in his communication with the public. He is evidently a man of good sense and varied accomplishments, and is filled with a great subject, his interest in which one would think must be sufficient to inspire the most "unaccustomed public speaker" with eloquence in some measure suited to the occasion, were he not a little ashamed of his audience. But Lord Kildare does not open his mouth. He has not a word to throw to us—vulgar dogs as we are. He leads us, as it were, through his ancestral portrait gallery in gloomy and uncourteous silence, and with an impatience of our society. We have a feeling that we have been admitted on sufferance, told snappishly to wipe our shoes in the entrance hall, and that our sense of self-respect is wounded by an undue prevalence

of printed placards, informing us that "visitors are ordered not to touch the specimens." It seems a sufficient privilege that we are permitted to glance at the pictures, carefully preserved under glass cases and separated from us by an iron railing, and to read the names, dates, and principal achievements of the originals, legibly inscribed on the frames of each. We must not be guilty of the impertinence of expecting that the noble owner of the gallery, the man who knows more of its ghostly occupants than anybody living, will condescend to satisfy our curiosity as to the lives and characters of the pictured dead around us, by the expression of any sentiment or opinion of his own. "Look at the portraits and be thankful: ask no questions, and be off about your business." We fancy ourselves addressed in some such ungracious terms as these. We resent such churlish and tantalising hospitality and depart unthankfully. For the Fitzgerald gallery is eminently that kind of exhibition which is incomplete without the attendance of the chattiest and most affable of *ciceroni*. The magnificent descendants of the Florentine Gherardini, the virtual kings of Ireland for many centuries; the warlike, the beautiful, the patriotic, and the pre-eminently humorous; the allies of the Woodville Greys, the Poles, and the Wentworths in England, of the border Buccleuchs in Scotland; the dominant rivals of the chivalrous Norman Irish Butlers; the whips and scourges—often the patrons, always the masters—of the fierce O'Neills, O'Carrolls, O'Donnells, O'Mores,

"And all the others beginning with O;" the ancestors of Lord Howard of Surrey's undying mistress, the fair Geraldine (who, alas for poetic illusion! married an elderly gentleman of the unromantic name of Brown, but the humiliating fact is properly suppressed in polite literature), and of another celebrity enshrined in no less immortal verse—the gallant but mistaken and ill-fated Lord Edward, who, on the authority of that mystic vaticinator, the Shan Van Voght, was guaranteed to be present on an occasion of national importance—which by the way did not come off—at

"The Curragh of Kildare,
When the boys they should be there
With their pikes in good repair;
Says the Shan Van Voght;

the fountain head of all the turbulent streams of Garret, Gerard, Gerald, Geraldine, Fitzgerald (and, as it strikes us for the first time at this moment, perhaps of a more recent but no less respected variety of the genus—Jerrold to wit—who knows?—the early Geraldines were, as we have hinted, humorous personages, and, as may be shown hereafter, could be trenchant penmen upon occasion, the anti-literary prejudices of mediæval Maurice and of the present marquis notwithstanding), that we find bubbling through the historic fields of Irish pluck and eccentricity; a race that could produce a Gerot More, and a patriot Duke of Leinster;—these are men whom we feel entitled to know intimately, on broad grounds of universal sympathy, and whom we long to shake lovingly by the hand. We cannot thank their living descendant for showing us merely their tombs and rusty weapons; their baptismal, hymeneal, and funeral registers; their ribbons, stars, and garters; their fetters, bills of attainder, and death warrants.

What a book this might have been—and with what avidity would the reading public

of these islands have seized upon it—had a single breath of the Carlylian or of the Macaulayite *aflatus* been suffered to flutter into its pages! The Geraldines of Kildare were a race of kings—such rulers of men as Britons have ever delighted to honour, and, at the same time, to approach with familiarity—the type of potentate we recognise, in the East, personified by the good Haroun Alraschid; in North Britain, by James Stuart, whilom King of the Scottish Commons and author of the "Gaberloone Man" (a poetic wagery of which even the greatest among Scotch excisemen need not have been ashamed); and, in our own southern half of the island, by vagabond hard-hitting Richard Coeur de Lion, by jolly ever-accessible Edward the Fourth, and even by the disreputable bilious cynic whose heinous venalities and dirtinesses become invisible in the glare of his honestly earned renown as a humorous monarch—if not merry himself at least the cause that merriment was in other men! Rulers of men who could laugh at plush, gold-stick and tie-wig conventionalities as heartily—nay, the more so being the greater winners—as the raggedest human parody upon sensible dog-hood that ever disgraced his actual or his assumed species by living in a kennel as a matter of preference. Kings who dared to take off their crowns on a hot day, and to legislate laughingly in their shirt sleeves—when they happened to have shirts. The antipodes, in fact, of such punctilious, stiff-cravated, and cravintine monarchs as the later Bourbons, and the only two Stuarts who ever preached the right divine of kings without laughing in their slashed velvet sleeves at every interval of the sermon. Such chieftains were the early Fitzgeralds of Kildare—the principal weapons employed by history in hewing out the turbulent future which anglicised Ireland has not yet accomplished, and of whom their lineal and representative descendant now brings us the dry bones in a cart to our door, carefully packed and labelled, for us to revivify as we best can.

The bones of a giant are, however, interesting objects in themselves. If Lord Kildare is no painter he has at any rate a splendid collection of antique models in his studio, which we are at liberty to enter and contemplate. Let the reader refer to p. 43 of the handsome volume before us, and peruse that with the thirty odd succeeding pages—devoted to the life of "Geroit More," or the Great Earl of Kildare, eighth of his title, and honoured by Henry VII. with the distinctive title of "our rebel" *par excellence*. In the year 1487, Gerald the Great, being then Lord Deputy of Ireland (which meant king) felt it great wisdom to assume the great simplicity of attaching credit to the absurd pretensions of Lambert Simnel to the English throne. He fitted out an armament for the invasion of England on that shallow impostor's behalf, which he himself accompanied and directed. The expedition failed, as the world knows. Lambert Simnel was pardoned and reduced to his original rank of tapster, and various heads of his more influential abettors were lopped off according to the custom of the period. But it was long ere the prime mover, Kildare, could be brought to account for his share in the business. "Henry, aware of the earl's influence over both the lords of the Pale and the Irish chiefs, not only thought it advisable to pardon him, but retained him in office as Chief Governor of Ireland." But he continued persistently to misbehave himself.

He was disgraced, attainted, and the terrible war cry of his race "Crom-a-boo!" suppressed by penal enactment. At last they caught him and brought him a prisoner to London, where he was kept for two years confined in the Tower—during which time we are informed his Countess Alison died of grief:

"The Earl was at length brought before the Council, and being accused, among other acts of violence, of having forced the Bishop of Meath from the sanctuary, he said, 'He was not sufficiently learned to make answer to such weighty matters. The Bishop was a learned man, and so was not he, and therefore might easily outdo him in argument.' The King then said, 'He might choose a counsellor.' The Earl replied: 'I doubt I shall not have that good fellow that I would choose.' The King assured him he should, and added, that 'It concerned him to get counsel that was very good, as he doubted his cause was very bad.' The Earl replied: 'I will choose the best in England.' 'And who is that?' asked the King. 'Marry, the King himself,' quoth the Earl, 'and by St. Bride, I will choose no other.' At this the King laughed, and turning to the Council, said, 'A wiser man might have chosen worse.' The Earl was then accused of having burnt the Cathedral of Cashel, in consequence of a feud with the Archbishop, and many witnesses were present to prove the fact; but contrary to their expectation, he not only confessed it, but exclaimed: 'By my troth, I would never have done it, but I thought the Bishop was in it.' The Archbishop being present, and one of the busiest of the accusers, the King laughed heartily, and was so favourably impressed by the bluntness and frankness of the Earl, that on the Bishop of Meath exclaiming, 'All Ireland cannot rule this man,' he at once replied: 'Then he shall rule all Ireland.'

This, it should be stated, is an avowed quotation from Cox; and the Marquis of Kildare is entitled to no praise for the dramatic terseness with which so much incident and character is condensed in so few lines.

The character of this hardy mocker of kings (an astute courtier to boot, it should be observed), and would-be burner of bishops, is the central charm and culmination of the work. A few pages later on, we find a letter from the same chieftain to the collective members of his ancestral house in Florence, which is eminently worthy of quotation:—

"To be given to all the family of the Gherardini, noble in fame and virtue, dwelling in Florence, our beloved brethren in Florence. Gerald, Earl of Kildare, Lord Deputy of the Kingdom of Ireland, sends greeting to all the family of Gherardini dwelling in Florence.

"Most grateful to us have been your letters to us, most illustrious men. From them we have learned to know the fervour of the fraternal love that you bear to your own blood. But in order to increase your joy still more, I will briefly inform you of the state of your relations in these parts. Know, then, that my predecessors and ancestors passed from France into England, and having remained there for some time, they, in the year 1140 (1170), arrived in this island of Ireland, and by their swords obtained great possessions, and achieved great feats of arms; and up to the present day have increased and multiplied into many branches and families, insomuch that I, by the grace of God, possess by hereditary right the earldom, and am Earl of Kildare, holding diverse castles and manors, and by the liberality of our Most Serene Lord the King of England, I am now his Deputy in the whole of Ireland, during the pleasure of his Majesty, an honour frequently obtained heretofore by my father and my predecessors. There is also a relation of ours in these parts called the Earl of Desmond, under whose lordship there are 100 miles, in length, of country. Our house has increased beyond measure, in a multitude of barons, knights, and noble persons,

holding many possessions, and having under their command many persons. We are most desirous to know the deeds of our ancestors, so that if you have in your possession any history, we request you to communicate it to us. We wish to know the origin of our house, and their numbers, and the names of your ancestors; whether there are any of them settled in France, and who of our family inhabit the Roman territory. I also wish to know the transactions of the present time, for it gives me great joy always to hear news of our house. If there is anything that we can procure for you through our labour and industry, or anything that you have not got, such as hawks, falcons, horses, or dogs for the chase, I beg you will inform me of it, as I shall, in every possible way, endeavour to obey your wishes. God be with you, and do we love us in return. From Our Castle of Castledermot, 27th day of May, 1507.

GERALD,

"Chief in Ireland of the Family of the Geraldines, Earl of Kildare, Lord Deputy of the Most Serene King of England, in Ireland."

This is good merely as a literary composition for the time—much better as an illustration of character. Let the reader put himself into Earl Gerald's position, and reflect how much it was necessary to say for the establishment of a perfect understanding of the writer's motives, and how delicate was the task of saying it. How difficult it was for the Irish Deputy to explain to his Florentine kinsmen that he sought their intimacy for love and not for gain! With what artful modesty does he array the list of his possessions and dignities, that it may be known he wants nothing but esteem, to which he is fairly entitled! How exquisite is the unostentatious offer of his primitive but by no means contemptible services, the humble insinuation of his means to supply the polished Gherardini "with anything that they have not got, such as hawks, falcons, horses or dogs for the chase," simple-sounding gifts, but the possession of which the lazy town-bred Florentines would have disputed with the national weapons of poison and stiletto! It is impossible to read the above and not own it the expression of a high-minded gentleman, in the best acceptance of that tortured noun-substantive.

After this great earl, whom we understand and like the better from the quaint assurance that he was "of tall stature and goodly presence; mild in his government; passionate, but easily appeased" (corroborated by Holinshed, who says, "this olde Earle being soone hott and soone colde was of the English well beloved; a good partisan, a suppressor of the rebels, a warriour incomparable; towards the nobles that he fancies not, somewhat headlong and unruly"), the next interesting personage in the book is his own daughter, Margaret Countess of Ossory, popularly known as the "Great Countess of Ormonde." This lady we are informed by Holinshed was "manlike, tall of stature, very rich and bountiful, a bitter enemy, the only means, at those days, whereby her husband's country was reclaimsed from the sluttish and unclean Irish custome to the English habits, bedding, housekeeping, and civilitie." Such a virtuous Semiramis or civilised Boadicea might find salutary employment in Ireland even in the present day. Margaret was the wife of Pierce Butler the "Red Earl of Ossory." Here is an illustration of both their characters from the pages of the chronicler last quoted.

"Great and manifold were the miseries the Lady Margaret susteyned, her husband Pierce Butler being so eagerly pursued by the usurper,

as hee durst not beare up head, but was forced to hover and lurke in wooddes and Forrests. The noble woman being great with childe, and upon nec^{esse}itee constreynd to use a spare dyet (for her onely sustenance was milke), she longed for wine, and calling her Lord and a trusty servante of his, James White, to her, she requested them bothe to help her to some wyne, for she was not able any longer to endure so stright a life. ‘Truly Margaret,’ quoth the Earle of Ossere, ‘thou shalt have store of wyne within thyss fourre-and-twentie hours, or else thou shalt feed alone on milke for me.’ The nexte day following, Pierce having intelligence that hys enemie, the base Butler, would have travayled from Donmore to Kilkennie, notwithstanding hee were accompanied with sixe horsemenne, yet Pierce, havyng none but his lackey, did forstal hym in the way, and with a courageous charge, gored the bastard through with his speare. Thys prosperous calm, succeeding the former boisterous storme, the Lady Margaret began to take hearte, his natural stouthesse floted, as well by the remembrance of his noble birth, as by the intelligence of his honourable match.

A further quotation on the same subject will save much trouble of definition. The historian of St. Canice thus sums up the character and career of the strongminded countess.

‘Margaret, Countess of Ormonde and Ossory, the fairest daughter’ of the Earl of Kildare, was, unquestionably, one of the most remarkable women of her age and country. . . . Large as is the place filled by the ‘Red Earl’ in the history of Ireland, it is a singular fact, that in the traditions of the peasantry of Kilkenny, his existence is utterly forgotten, whilst his consort stands vividly forth as the ‘Countess,’ or often as plain ‘Maigread Gearoid,’ forming with ‘Cromwell’ and the ‘Danes,’ a triad to whom almost everything marvellous, cunning, or cruel is attributed. She is the traditional ‘builder,’ as Cromwell is the traditional ‘destroyer,’ of nearly every castle in the district; and by the peasant’s fireside, numberless are the tales told of her power, her wisdom, and—truth compels us to say—her oppressions.’

It is in a happy selection of such characteristic passages from the old chroniclers that Lord Kildare has displayed those qualities of judgment and good taste for which we have given him credit. His book, in fact, is nothing more than a judicious arrangement or condensation of such extracts. As a mass of well selected documents referring to a most interesting line and period, it will be found of immense value to the literary toiler in the field of Irish history, while, as we have already indicated, the volume is by no means devoid of interest to the mere reader for amusement or casual instruction. We can accuse Lord Kildare of no sins but those of omission. What he has done is entitled to our heartiest praise. We can only regret that he has done no more.

The interest of the volume, such as it is, falls off seriously towards its conclusion. This, no doubt, is greatly attributable to the fact that as heroic families get out of helmets and into bag-wigs, their representatives gradually become less attractive or remarkable personages. But it is also due, in some measure, to an obvious relaxation of the compiler’s enthusiasm and industry, or to an increase of his *mauvaise honte*, leading him to veil the doings of his more immediate kinsfolk from the public scrutiny. The details of the later Fitzgeralds are meagre in the extreme. The episode of Lord Edward’s share in the rebellion of 1798 is slurred over in a short paragraph of the cloudiest description, as though the incident were considered a blot on the family escutcheon. Is it so or not?

Pictures from the Life, taken in America. By Theodore Griesinger (*Lebende Bilder aus America, von Th. Griesinger*). Stuttgart 1858.

NONE of our readers can well have forgotten the sensation recently created by the statistics of the Irish “Exodus.” The subject was one of those many-sided ones, which present equal interest for men of widely different pursuits. And in these days, when the subdivision of labour has been so systematically extended both in the mechanical and intellectual, a subject of this kind will evoke in a week reams of letter-press, before which even the life labours of a mediæval Benedictine dwindle into insignificance. The swelling chorus of pamphlets, “leaders,” and articles soon made itself heard on the other side of the Atlantic; and the States took panic at the noisy grumbling of the mother-country. Visions of the shillelagh superseded the bowie-knife, of “Yankee Doodle” being out-chorusred by “St. Patrick’s Day,” of the White House getting into the Encumbered Estates Court, presented themselves to “the large American mind,” and gave birth to a party which, entitling itself with characteristic modesty the “know-nothings,” pretended to the possession of all political wisdom.

None of our readers can well have forgotten this. But all of them, perhaps, are not aware that the Irish Exodus only supplied the smaller moiety of the North American immigration. Another, an agnate country, to which a new tie now binds us, but whose early relationship has, only within these few years, awakened our interest, was silently contributing still more largely to this process of transfusion. That country was Germany.

The history of German emigration to America dates as far back as 1683. In that year a party of Mennonites, whose religious views have much in common with Quakerism, emigrated to Pennsylvania, where they founded German-town. In 1741 the Herrnhutters followed the example, directing their steps however principally to Georgia, where philanthropy honours them as founders of the first negro school. In the following year (1742) the census showed nearly half the population of Pennsylvania to be either German or of German origin; and a German peasant-commune claims to have taken the initiative, when the war with England broke out, in proposing a formal declaration of independence. If, indeed, their own authorities are to be believed on this subject, it was only the troubles of the French Revolution which, by putting a stop to German emigration, allowed the English element to gain the preponderance. But for this trifling accident Brother Jonathan might have had to play second fiddle to Meinher Schinkenwurst’s lead, and the sonorous Teutonic guttural have exercised the bronchial muscles of an imposing slice of the New World. Even as it is the census returns of the United States show a German population of somewhere about two millions; and in certain districts where these worthy folk most do congregate, their language has been placed on the same legal footing as English. They have their vernacular schools, communes, clubs, theatres, and journals—these last to the number of at least one hundred! And, finally, it was German votes, we are told, which turned the scale in the election of Polk, from whose presidency date the important acquisitions of New Mexico and California.

Between German and Irish emigration there is this remarkable difference. The latter, forced up to an artificial excess in 1851, has been since gradually falling back to its normal moderate figure. The former, on the contrary, has long been characterised by a steady and constant progression. Thus while Irish emigration fell from 163,276 in 1851 down to 109,020 in 1854, German emigration rose in the same interval from 69,883 to 166,723. The class from which this drain of social blood flows is naturally the peasant class. In the Rhine provinces it is the agricultural and *least populous* districts (Coblenz, Trier, Münster) which supply the largest proportion of emigrants, while the *more populous* in which commerce and industry divide the field with agriculture (Düsseldorf, Cologne, Aix) supply the smallest. Now, the German peasant, according to one who has made him a subject of special study,* represents “an invincible conservative force, a firm enduring kernel (*kerne*) in the German nation.” The peasant has played in the social crisis of our days, a more important part than most people have any idea of. He it was who formed a natural barrier against the irruption of the French revolutionary doctrines into the lower popular strata. It was the inertia (*Passivität*) of the peasant alone which in 1848 saved the German thrones.” Such being the case, it is manifest that this constant excretion of the best nourishment of her solids, must raise questions of paramount interest for Germany. And it is scarcely less manifest that the continuous introduction into the very basis of her political structure, of an element so destitute of all affinity with the primary constituents of that basis, must suggest problems of some anxiety to America also. The law of action and re-action is not less constant in the moral than in the physical world, and where masses so considerable as those in question are involved, the operation of this law becomes too sensible to be neglected. An unprejudiced account of the modifications superinduced in the German peasant settler by his contact with new aspects of society, new ideas, and new political principles acting themselves out around him, as well as an estimate of the reaction of Germanism upon its *entourage*, would form an interesting and a novel subject. And it was for something of this nature that the preface of Herr Griesinger’s book prepared us. “There is no lack,” he writes, “of works on America. But they are almost exclusively descriptions of travels or guide-books for travellers. On life in America, especially on German life and doings, I have been unable, as yet, to find anything in print. The following work,” he continues, “based upon the personal experience of five years, is an attempt to supply this defect.” There is here, it seems to us, the promise of something more than the mere series of amusing *tableaux de genre* with which Herr Griesinger has filled his book; and we must regret that the subject did not fall into more earnest hands. But even what is done, is done in a way which brings the accuracy of our author’s colouring into doubt. Herr Griesinger, like a fair country woman of our own, at the mention of whose name Brother Jonathan is still “riled a few,” has evidently made a bad speculation in the Union. A sore personality evinces itself in every word he writes—a *subjectivism* (to Germanise a little), which is fatally hostile to honest

* W. H. Richl, in his interesting book “Land und Leute.”

truth. The *animus* of his book is anti-emigratory to the highest degree. "My countrymen," he says, "who have any fancy for settling in the United States, can find in this book what they have to expect there. Perhaps one or two of them, when they have formed a just idea on the subject, will think again before making up their minds." Accordingly, in his first chapters, on the very threshold of his book, we meet with an elaborate account of the impositions to which the unwary emigrant is exposed on landing at "Castle Garden." This, the prescribed locality of disembarkation is pictured to us as the very Valhalla of crimps—where those pugnacious heroes find the congenial delights of an ever-renewing warfare and ever-recurring victories. That there is some truth in this picture we cannot doubt. The worship of the "almighty dollar" partakes of some of the characteristics of Thuggee—its religion constantly demands human victims. Moreover, the cerebral sluggishness of the honest German peculiarly fits him for such sacrifice. "It is remarkable," observes Richl, "how his hereditary shrewdness abandons the peasant as soon as he finds himself in circumstances foreign to his experience." Does this observation limit itself to the peasant alone? or might it not possibly be extended to the race generally, and to Herr Griesinger particularly? His book, indeed, is not without a certain sprightliness, which might seem to exempt him from the fitting of the cap. But with Germans the criterion does not hold good. We have known many of that profound nation who were capable of appreciating a joke to the full, but only after half-an-hour's analytic reflection thereon. The hearty laugh came; but it came rather late, and did not always harmonise with the contemporary subject of discussion. In the same way sprightly writing in a German book must not be taken as proof positive of any spontaneous sprightliness in its author. Herr Griesinger is smart and satirical, and ejaculatory and familiar; but were we honoured by an introduction to him, we should not be at all surprised to find him a sombre middle-aged gentleman, gazing dreamily into a pair of spectacles, and dividing the curls of his tawny beard with the dusky tube of a meerschaum. *Du reste*, the reader of German may find some amusement, and, now and then, profit in Herr Griesinger's pages. We must bring against him, however, the charge of an occasional disregard of "the decorums," in introducing into his pictures certain personages and words (English), which savour too much of the "back slums." In other respects, we may at least thank him for breaking ground in an interesting subject, if we cannot put any high estimate on the work done.

As a specimen of our author's manner we translate the chapter headed "The German Beggar."

"The beggar in America is seldom a Frenchman, very seldom an American, often an Irishman, and most often a German. The German would seem to have a special talent for begging. At any rate he feels nothing of the American pride which looks upon the trade as a degradation.

"In most cases the German was a beggar before he emigrated, and has been packed across the Atlantic by his own parish, which wanted to get rid of him for good; no easy task, as a 'respectable' beggar has always a large family. He reaches America, then, with no luggage beyond the clothes on his back, and with no capital but his emigration ticket and a couple of florins for pocket-money—which, in America, is just equivalent to nothing at all. What is he to do? To look after

work. And how live in the interim? But why look out for work at all? It's not well to change trades. Always stick to what you understand most thoroughly. So he remains a beggar—and his whole family with him. *That's* the trade they are perfectly at home in, and their success is certain.

"The beggar has a wonderful instinct for localities. Before he has been half a day in the country he knows where to find a lodging.

"In his family the beggar is, as a general rule, a strict disciplinarian. He knows that unless the children are well educated, the State cannot thrive. 'No idling!' is his grand principle; and hence to each child its sphere of action is assigned, just as he himself has his sphere, and their mother hers. The children therefore receive their wallets, and are despatched early on their round. 'Early to bed and early to rise' is a favourite maxim with our paterfamilias. Whether they are washed and combed first is a secondary question; 'business' is the grand affair. On the children devolves the collection of bread and meat, and of these they have a fixed quantity to hand in, at all risks and hazards. Not that the beggar deems it at all of importance to consume all this bread and meat. On the contrary he perhaps never touches it, or, if he does, only picks out the tit-bits. But the 'pans' must be full, the 'pans' that is, which he 'contracts' to deliver weekly to the pig-breeder in the suburbs. 'Duty before everything!' and contracts must be observed.

"The bread and virtual beggar occupies, of course, the lowest grade of the calling, but the father thinks that 'a good soldier must pass through the ranks.'

"Of the higher class of beggars there are many different grades. The lowest of these belongs to the man whose plea is the vulgar one, 'he can't find work.' This plea gets him into frequent dilemmas; for the chances are ninety to a hundred that work will be offered him! A rather more effective plea is offered by the woman, who details, in plaintive accents, 'the hard lot of her sick husband and their seven tender children.' But a beggar of only mediocre education and experience is above such pitiful expedients as these. He takes good care that his wife shall be provided with a baby in her arms. If he has none of his own he must hire one, and this hiring-out of babies is not by any means a bad speculation. It brings in its 50 or 75 cents per day, per head, according to the quality of the wares. As a matter of course only those mothers 'hire out' who are prevented, by some accident or other, from 'attending to their business' in person—so that a baby is worth half a thaler a day! But who could possibly refuse a cent to 'a poor destitute widow, who has just lost her supporter after six weeks' illness, and has been compelled to pledge every rag in the house to pay the doctor and the apothecary.' A patched but clean gown, a pallid or whitened face, and a few tears are all the stock in trade demanded here. The baby, of course, must look sickly and famished, and be of a yellowish grey colour. It must also 'cry piteously,' for which the mother possesses an infallible receipt.

"The Beggar-in-chief, the Paterfamilias, can manage even better than this. *He establishes a corporal infirmity.* Happy he on whom Nature has already bestowed one, as he is thereby saved all further trouble. If the 'universal mother,' however, has neglected him in this particular, he has to make up for it himself, as the tailor does with the padded pantaloons. An 'ulcer' is the favourite arrangement, and the more disgusting the better. People hasten to fling him their 'coppers' in order to escape the compulsory diagnosis. Another expedient is 'the paralysis of one side.' In this case, however, great care is necessary, lest the sufferer should forget which side is paralysed. Or again, he has 'lost an arm,' that is to say, the 'lost arm' is artificially bound up, which position, however, can seldom be supported longer than ten hours per diem. Now and then Paterfamilias becomes 'blind,' and this infirmity is the most profitable of all, but requires considerable talent to carry it out.

"The beggar generally spends his evenings in the bosom of his family, unless, indeed, the nature of his gains should lead him to visit a beggar auction. At such auctions the old clothes given him, the 'valuables' he may have picked up in the streets, and any little objects he may have contrived to possess himself of unobserved, are put up for sale. The locality of the auction is the beggars' tavern of the district, and this tavern is the boarding-house of all those of the craft who are unmarried or do not keep mistresses.

"The higher class of beggar comes in a few years to have his banker's book, like the best paid artisan, and he puts more by than any artisan is able to do. In time he purchases himself a little house in the suburbs, to which he retires after the burden and heat of the day. Some have so far thriven as to possess their villas in the neighbourhood of New York, which bring them in a couple of hundred thalers a-year in the form of rent.

"Saturday is the beggar's jubilee. On Saturday the artisan receives his week's wages, and the artisan is always ready to share."

We see by this that the prosperity of the American beggar keeps pretty even pace with that of the world around him.

Normiton; a Dramatic Poem: with Other Miscellaneous Pieces. By Mary C. Hume. (Parker.)

It would afford us singular satisfaction to be able to bestow with a safe conscience unmixed praise on this recent poetical effort by Miss Hume. There is so much good deep, kindly thought, so much honest and admirable feeling, so much knowledge of the secret springs and workings of thought and action in the minds and hearts of the dwellers and toilers of this workday world, in it, as indeed in everything this lady writes, let us add, so much that well deserves the name of genuine poetry of a high order, that it is with real sorrow we find ourselves bound to protest against the constant recurrence of disfigurements which woefully mar the fair contour of her work, and effectually hinder its gaining that lofty post in the world of song, which a very large proportion of it shows to be fairly attainable. In noticing "Normiton," and the other pieces particularly, these defects will develop themselves more distinctly. We will only say here that, of whatever kind, they appear to us to be the result—not of want of ability, for the character of the bulk of the volume renders this impossible—but of one of the two opposites, lassitude or hurry. It is a trite saying, that the muse will not write to order; and that, whether over-exertion have fatigued the brain, or the dim consciousness of the imp outside the door droning his grim chant for "copy," cram the labour of an hour's thought into five minutes' hasty guess; and it is this trite maxim which we suspect has been occasionally forgotten.

For "Normiton" its author claims the title of a dramatic poem. We are not disposed to be over nice about a mere title, but we cannot help being struck with the fact that a very large proportion of the so-called poem is prose, good, straightforward, honest prose it is true, but only redeemed from the obloquy of mere commonplace by the often recurring introduction of whole passages of genuine poetry of a high, if not the highest, order. If this interspersion deserve to gain for the whole production the title of poem, we readily concede it; if not, we suggest the designation "dramatic sketch" as more suitable.

And it is indeed these poetic gems which we would fain allow to dazzle our eyes to

the unconsciousness of another feature, unfortunately too conspicuous in "Normiton." We should have been exceedingly glad to have been able to claim for some one character or incident the merit of originality, but how far both the one and the other are common to the legion of Tales, Plays, and Romances which have been showered down among us for years past, as well as to "Normiton," a short outline of the latter will enable our readers to judge for themselves.

Normiton Castle is a 'picturesque turreted building, partly overgrown with ivy. The castle and terrace command a magnificent view over the gardens, park, and country beyond, bounded by the sea. A cedar tree with a seat beneath it grows at one extremity of the terrace, from which a green lawn slopes down, diversified with trees and shrubberies, a summer-house, &c.' The owner of this very scenic domain is one Lord Albert, a young book-worm, and very muddled philosopher, of the true beer-cum-mystic school, dear to Deutschland, which develops its peculiar powers in such remarkable investigations as—

"Questionings of how, and why,

And whence, and what we are—"

not without serious doubts whether we are at all, and whether anything be real but choppins of beer and meerschaum pipes. The Lord Albert is blessed with a stately and judicious mamma, and a sister Margaret, betrothed and in the course of the drama married to one Clifford, who enacts the rôle of the every-day man of dry common sense. Margaret has a friend, Maud, an orphan and poor, who, having been in early life involved in a love affair of unhappy auspices, has set up philosopher on her own account, as well as Lord Albert, though from very different motives, for whilst he being possessor of both riches and high birth, but entertaining very imperfect notions of the duties cast upon either the one or the other, believes that—

"Many . . . must stray through life

Idly as best they may."

and confesses that his work has as yet been—

"But the busy idleness which seeks
And fashions phantoms to be grappled with ;"

the lady, on the other hand, doomed to a humbler and harder lot, has discovered that—

"When happiness
Deserts us, and the flame of hope burns dim,
Labour we learn to prize at its just worth.
We live on it; it feeds us, strengthens us,
Yields us at times enjoyments all its own,
And at the worst exhausts and hails to sleep
Those morbid craving energies within,
Which are our direst foes, and torture us
With that worst happiness which dries not rest."

What direction however Maud's "labour" takes is not revealed; we are left to guess that she may be either an evangelical district visitor, a Puseyite sister of mercy, a literary lady, an unfortunate victim of the stamped leather delusion, or given to any other of the thousand and one pursuits by which, thank Heaven! in these days of progress, ladies of education and ability, instead of burdening their wealthy relations, can, by working sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, earn something under fifteen shillings a-week—on the whole, we incline to a surmise which combines the first and third hypotheses.

The lady philosopher coming on a visit to her friend Margaret, falls into violent transcendental argument with the book-worm, and of course ends by bringing him to her feet. Maud, however, with a very reasonable

distrust of the philosopher's principles, astonishes him with the information that—

"There lies
A gulf—too deep and wide to be o'erbridged
By cunning skill of such poor architect
As earthly love—betwixt your path and mine.
I look on marriage as a sacred thing;
A tie, contracted not for earth alone,
Or time, but for eternity and heaven;
Here not alone to make two hearts one flesh,
But rather, spirits twain one angel there."

And assures him that even "conjugal (?) love" may be—

"Yet spurious and impure, unless inspired
And vivified by that one higher love
For Him, whose love for us makes bloom on earth
One flower at least with scent and hues of heaven,
In wedded life's oasis of pure joys."

Albert accuses her of selfishness, but is met with some spirit by the lady thus—

"And well might I retort of selfishness
On your part, thus avowedly who seek
My love as amodyne for fever-pangs
Which prey upon your soul! Have you but asked
Yourself the question, if your object be
My happiness to compass!"

Thus rejected in all the pride of his wealth, rank, and philosophy, by the portionless orphan, Albert goes a little mad for a while, leaves a light burning in his study, which sets the place on fire, and causes a destructive conflagration, which consumes the castle, makes a final offer to Maud to abandon all his philosophy for her love and her teaching, and being again rejected subsides at last into delirium and temporary blindness. For this last incident by the way, Miss Hume thinks it necessary in her preface to offer a sort of explanatory apology, on the ground that the same incident has been made use of in "Aurora Leigh." She explains that "Normiton" was completed at the close of 1854, long previous to the publication—perhaps even the composition—of Aurora Leigh. The apology, however, was hardly needed, as the incident of Albert's blindness receives so little prominence in "Normiton," as hardly to deserve the name of incident at all. It is chiefly, indeed solely, important as enabling him to refer to it afterwards as a period of forced reflections, ending in happier conclusions than he had before arrived at—moral illumination springing out of material darkness.

Returning light brings with it the knowledge of a certain Olive, cousin to his brother-in-law, Clifford, a lady of a sweet, excellent, and winning manner, but no philosopher; and to her we find Albert betrothed in the second part of the sketch. Maud, however, it appears had, spite of her philosophy and her horror of atheistical leanings, all along cherished a strong attachment to Albert, and when the news of his betrothal to Olive reaches her from her friend Margaret, falls exceedingly ill, and after nursing herself and her grief in solitude, until she is in danger of leaving the latter and this world together, is found out by the Normiton folks and compelled to come down there—for the castle has been rebuilt—to recover. Here her presence begins to work some mistrust between Lord Albert and his second love, and there is no saying what might happen, but for the timely arrival of Hubert Darnley, half-brother to Olive, who turns out to be Maud's first love, and for whom her attachment, after certain explanations of some mysterious and suspicious conduct on the gentleman's part, very opportunely revives with redoubled ardour, and the author is thus enabled to bring down the curtain upon a general join hands and tag for Maud.

Such are the very simple and not altogether unused materials out of which a very pleasant little dramatic sketch has been constructed. We proceed to justify our allegation, that passages of genuine poetic feeling are freely interspersed in the work, by giving a few extracts in addition to what have already crept into our notice.

Maud's answer to Albert's last offer, that he—

"Will learn to be
What you would have me be,"

is—

"Maud, Oh! urge me not!
It cannot, must not be! Oh! what am I,
That I should dare to cramp and fashion thus,
Into the likeness of my poor ideal,
A strong, free, human soul?—should dare to cast
Such stumbling-block upon its heavenly way,
As thus to lure it on, for my poor sake,
And trusting my blind guidance, on that path
To enter blindly, which no safety yields,
Save to do much as for the sake of Heaven.
Seek it in heart-wrung earnestness of soul,
And find it through God's mercy! Love alone
Might gild such fatal rashness to the eye
With gloss of false allurement; and mine eye
Forgive me—I love blinds not! You do not see
The gulf we thus should plunge in; but I see,
And shun it, for your safety and my own.
Forgive me, and forget me!"

There is good philosophy as well as poetry in the following. Albert and Olive are holding grave discourse of deep matters. The former says:—

"For women seem to fathom with their hearts
And grasp without an effort, that which men
Toil anguished and despairing in the depths
To wrestle from the angel.

Olive. Ah! because
You wrestle for it! While we are content
To take it as a gift (unquestioning)
That that must come from Goodness which is good,
Which comforts us in sorrow, yields us hope
In darkest days, and gilds our dearest joys
With all undying radiance), you must needs
First question—"If it be so?" If the gift
Be worthy of possession?"—and e'en then
Achieve it for yourselves. Too proud to kneel,
And let the dew of Heaven in free descent
Bathe and refresh your parched lips, you must soar
To wring them from the clouds; and lose yourselves
In chilling mists which wider soul and sense,
But never slake your thirst!"

Men who "have life-long toiled in cause of science or philosophy," are happily described as having done so—

"Alone, unknown, without or joy or hope,
Save that of furthering the cause embraced,
Or forcing Fame to wreath their brows in death."

Considering that the next extract is Maud's opinion of Olive, we are puzzled which to admire most, the generosity of the lady or the beauty of her description.

"Maud, She is one
Rather to feel, than think about; she sheds
Such sphere of warmth and joy on all around
As must disarm the coldest critic. That
Which in another were indifferent,
Or unadmired, in her is beautiful.
The ruddy gleaming of her golden hair
Doth crown her like a glory; her full lips
Seem shaping kisses on the very air
In gratitude for its sweet ministry;
The rich, free cadence of her voice is fraught
With fearless music both for heart and ear;
And freer from self-consciousness no child
In infancy's sweet innocence may seem.
She is a very living love in form,
As woman should be."

Our last extract shall be from Hubert's passionate proposal to his early love—

"You know not,
You cannot know, what, to the heart of man,
Storm-tossed by passion, pride, temptation, shame,
Till scarce the rudder of repentant will
Hath power its wayward courses to control,
May be the blessing of safe anchorage
In shelter of a wife's pure guardian love."

Our readers will have gathered that "Normiton" is remarkable, first, for a singular irregularity of merit, prosaic common-places regularly alternating with poetic flights of a lofty order; and secondly, for a considerable infusion of what it is the fashion to call the religious element. The same characteristics distinguish the couple of score or so Miscellaneous Pieces which make up the rest of the volume; some are distinguished by great beauty, some rise a long way above

mediocrity, some are as tame and uninteresting as a pet guinea pig. As instances of the former we may point out "The Rich and the Poor Man," a little piece of extraordinary merit and exquisite pathos, the Poet's Dream, particularly the concluding stanzas, and the poem "By a Nun's death-bed;" among the latter we are obliged to class the Sebastopol Miserere and "The Insanity of Emanuel Swedenborg."

The fragment on "Spring Tides" (p. 281) may have a well-concealed poetic pun somewhere underneath the surface, but to our somewhat matter-of-fact comprehension, it suggests a very unhandsome doubt whether the author was at all "up" in the dangerous and difficult philosophy of the tides, and, in short, had any suspicion that spring and spring tides have as much to do with each other as apple-pudding and the longitude.

And now a parting word about metre. Line after line of "Normiton" flows on and scans easily and gracefully enough, showing that the author can write in correct metre, if she will. Then why are our sense of propriety and love of harmony outraged at every turn in the smaller pieces by awkwardness and redundancies as unfortunate as they are needless? Why disfigure the beautiful lines on the Rich and Poor Man with such a one as

"The rich man life's lone steep hill;"

or other poems with such as

"Do bright wind-borne snow-drifts pass?"
"Is it that Spring and Hope's sweet spring-flowers
Have so often come and gone,
Cheating my heart for a few bright hours,
And then, withering one by one,
That Spring herself can awaken now
But bodings of wintry gloom,
And Hope's bright flowers but wreath me my brow
With the chill of coming doom?"
"Where sparkle life's joy streams now?"
"Seeking the son's food I so sorely need,"
"Till wrecked (as wanderer to foreign land,"
"Youth-beggar'd, soul-crush'd, and bare."

What Sir Lucius O'Trigger says of Mrs. Malaprop's empire over the dictionary words, one might almost be uncivil enough to parody in favour of Miss Hume's syllables; they never refuse coming at her call, and the result is frequently an unnatural distortion of metre, far beyond the utmost licence allowed to that most freely licenced of all poetries, the English, and generally so very unnecessary into the bargain. Surely a trifling exertion of the ability so obvious in the work generally might remodel these, and similar lines with advantage; it is surely possible to get rid of redundant syllables and intrusive sibilants without damage to the poem. To select one example in conclusion, would the two verses quoted above read any the worse for the summary rejection of the redundant syllables, thus—

"Is it that Spring and Hope's spring-flowers
So oft have come and gone,
Cheating my heart a few bright hours,
Then withering one by one,
That Spring itself can waken now
But dread of wintry gloom,
And Hope's bright flowers but wreath me my brow
With chill of coming doom?"

SHORT NOTICES.

History of the Christian Church from the Thirteenth Century to the Present Day. (Richard Griffin & Co.) This compact volume is a reprint from the "Encyclopaedia Metropolitana;" and its subject, as indicated by the title, is one that will naturally enlist the attention of a numerous and eminent class of readers. The authors are six eminent ministers of the Church of England, prominent among whom are the present Bishop of Hereford and the Rev. J. E. Riddle. Their names alone are a guarantee for accuracy of research and

soundness of principle. Not the least interesting nor the least useful part of the work is the ecclesiastical history of the nineteenth century, which of course includes the period of agitation that preceded and followed the passing of the Reform Bill (an anxious time for the Church), the histories of the Hampden and Denison cases, the rupture in the Church of Scotland, and the rapid growth of the Colonial Church and episcopate. A perusal of the several descriptions of these periods and events satisfies us that they are given with candour and impartiality. Having regard to the amazing mass of information condensed in the work, and to the truthfulness by which it is animated throughout, we can only recommend theological students and readers to possess themselves of it, which we do most readily and sincerely. Indeed, if ever the period arrives when Church affairs again engage the attention of the legislature in the way they did some years back, and are not unlikely to do again, if we interpret events correctly, we know of no better manual for the information of statesmen than this volume, especially in its concluding chapters.

Church-Yard Musings and other Poems. By William Tatton. (Saunders & Otley, Conduit Street.) A small volume of good, bad, and indifferent poetry, the sentiments in which generally do credit to the heart of the author. The greater part of "The Mother's Lament" is an obvious imitation of a well-known elegy.

The Happy Isles. By Garnons Williams, B.A., Vicar of Llwyd. (Saunders & Otley, Conduit Street.) This is another small volume of poetry, in which patriotism is made to combine with devotion by means of very considerable powers of versification. The object is to establish the religious duty and the religious mission of England to India and also to herself. One or two of the minor poems would have found a more appropriate place in some hymnal, for which they appear well adapted. In fact, we think that Mr. Williams' poetic talent lays rather in the composition of hymns than in the less useful but more ambitious religious odes which he himself appears to prefer.

Ariosto's Orlando Furioso, Translated by Wm. Stewart Rose. Vol. 2. (H. G. Bohn.) This is one of Mr. Bohn's illustrated reproductions which require no praise from us or from any other literary journal, so well are their merits appreciated by the public. Mr. Rose's faithful and spirited translation has long stood the test of criticism. It is established as one of the best versions of Ariosto's noble poem in the English language; and the more narrowly it is compared with the original, the more convinced is every Italian scholar of the difficulty, or rather the impossibility, of improving upon it. The work is now completed.

Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. Vol. II., Part 2. (Edinburgh: Neill & Co.) This part, which is embellished with a highly-finished portrait of the Admirable Crichton, comprises the proceedings of the seventeenth session of the Society in 1855-56. A lapse of nearly two years between the proceedings of the Society and their publication makes the proceedings themselves almost an antiquarian curiosity. Still, when they do appear they are welcome, though the edge of our curiosity may be a little worn. We will only add that the part before us contains a mass of extremely curious information, that some of it most clearly elucidates various points in the social and political history of Scotland, and that the whole reflects a good deal of light upon the habits and manners of the rude forefathers of our northern fellow subjects.

Rosa's Summer Wanderings. By the Authoress of "Floreat Ecclesia," "The Queen's Isle," &c. (Joseph Masters, Aldersgate Street, and New Bond Street.) A reprint, with enlargements, from the *Churchman's Companion*, describing a recreative journey from one of the midland counties to the Lake districts. The chief features of the route are described with feminine vivacity, and the salient points in the past history and present condition of each are touched with delicacy and spirit. Wherever a poet of any ex-

cellence has gone over the same ground, an apt quotation is introduced; and wherever a hamlet, or a village, or a town has the distinction of having produced a man of any celebrity, the work is agreeably relieved by lively sketches of his career and his works. Southey is prominent in this respect. From what we have said it may be inferred, that the work is not wholly comprised of "wanderings," or of Rosa's own descriptions of the most romantic of English districts, but that it is a compilation, from sources easily accessible, of all that an inquiring traveller would probably like to know. In this view it is a satisfactory contribution to the lighter class of literature; while the charming scraps of verse that arrest the attention on every other page, will recall the readings of many a pleasant hour. As a safe and appropriate present for youth, these "wanderings" are perhaps everything that could be desired to amuse and instruct.

The Patna Crisis, or Three Months at Patna during the Insurrection of 1857. By W. W. Tayler, late Commissioner of Patna. (James Nisbet & Co., Berners Street.) A narrative of the events which occurred at Patna between the 20th May and the 11th August, 1857, many of the circumstances of which have already been detailed in the daily papers. The object of the publication is to vindicate the official character of Mr. Tayler, who, it appears, has been deprived of his commissionership and placed in a post of a lower grade, for having at a critical period ordered the withdrawal of the civil officers and Christian residents from several out-stations, and the concentration of the scattered forces at Patna. This order seems to have been condemned as injudicious, and calculated to produce a bad effect upon the native mind; but the brilliant victory obtained by Major Eyre effectually neutralised its possible consequences. Mr. Tayler asserts that the order was a simple precaution, for which, he would have been applauded if the gallant major had unfortunately been defeated. At all events, he submits that he has been harshly used, and that neither Mr. Halliday, nor Lord Canning himself, would be safe if tried by the same standard as that by which he has been condemned. In giving this brief abstract of the question between Mr. Tayler and his superiors, we disclaim all interference in the case. We view the "Patna Crisis" as one of the incidents in the great Indian Rebellion, which reflects the greatest honour upon our countrymen; and in that light, apart from all personal questions or differences, the present narrative is exceedingly interesting.

The Bristol Magazine and West of England Monthly Review, September. (Bristol: E. Mardon.) This is an attempt, which we are glad to hear has proved tolerably successful, to establish a high class Magazine in the West—in that West in which many literary reputations have been established by the literary taste and discrimination of its people. This is the third number of the second volume; and the papers in it are very creditable to the ability of the writers.

The Vaudois: Observations made during a Tour to the Valleys of Piedmont in the Summer of 1844. By E. Henderson, D.D. (John Snow, Paternoster Row.) The republication of these Observations, after an interval of fourteen years since they were first made, we presume is owing to circumstances now occurring in some parts of the continent showing that the old spirit of persecution against the reformed faith is far from extinct. The history of the Vaudois is nothing but the history of such persecutions. This has always gained for them the sympathy and sometimes the active assistance of England. The narratives of their sufferings "for righteousness' sake" are always popular with us. We can only say that if Dr. Henderson's observations are not always profound, they are animated by a Christian spirit; and that the work, without throwing any new light upon the subject, is calculated, by the contrasts which it suggests, to make us prize our own religious not less than our civil liberties.

Life Beneath the Waters; or the Aquarium in America. By Arthur M. Edwards, Member of the

New York Lyceum of Natural History. (H. Baillière, Broadway, New York, and Regent Street, London.) A most interesting little work, which tells us all about how they manage the Aquarium in America, and gives an infinite number of useful lessons for its management here. At this time of day everybody knows that it is to this beautiful and instructive parlour ornament that we are indebted, in a very considerable degree, for the great progress which natural history has made in popular estimation during the last six or seven years. Everything that tends still further to popularise this branch of knowledge should be encouraged, for the more men and women can be brought to feel interested in the works of nature, the better are their tempers prepared to grapple with the discouragements and annoyances of ordinary life. Indeed, there is no study so refreshing as the study of nature. An aquarium is an important element in such pursuits. We hail, as most valuable auxiliaries, works of the character of that before us. This has certainly special relation to America; but, as already intimated, every page is applicable to England just as much; and it is satisfactory to observe that the writer, who has drawn largely from the stores of English science, freely acknowledges his obligations to it.

RECEIVED: "On the Extraction of the Precious Metals," by John Mitchell, F.C.S. (Percival Clay, 37, Old Bond Street).—"The Rise of the Dutch Republic," by J. L. Motley. Part 4. (S. O. Beeton, 18, Bouvier Street).—"Board Management, an Address to Shareholders in Search of a Dividend." (Edward Stanford, 6, Charing Cross).—"Emigration Guide to Australia and New Zealand, &c." (S. W. Silver & Co., 3 and 4, Bishopsgate Street Within).—"The Unitarian Pulpit," No. 17. (E. T. Whitfield, 178, Strand).—"Original Hymns, and a few of the Psalms Paraphrased." (Dublin : Madden & Oldham, 7, Grafton Street).—"Family Prayers," by the Rev. R. E. Eaton, Curate of Arklow. 2nd edition. (Dublin : Madden & Oldham).—"Oldham's Clerical Directory for Ireland, 1858." (Dublin : Madden & Oldham).—"A Few Observations on Education addressed to Parochial Teachers," by Frederick Leigh Colville, M.A., Rural Dean, Vicar of Leek Wotton, and one of the Diocesan Inspectors of Schools. (Warwick : Cooke & Son).—"The Coroner's Court: its Uses and Abuses with Suggestions for Reform," by J. J. Dempsey. (Hatton & Co., 90, Chancery Lane).—"The English Bible, according to the Authorised Version, Newly divided into Paragraphs." Part XIII. —Romans —Galatians. (William Allan, 13, Paternoster Row).—"The London University Magazine,"—(Arthur Hall, Virtue, & Co., Paternoster Row).

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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DREAMS.

To the Editor of the LITERARY GAZETTE.

SIR,—Uncle Timothy is no blind believer, or disbeliever, in dreams. Strange and singular intimations he has himself received through their mysterious channel. He cannot therefore dismiss them as the—

"Children of an idle brain
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy."

Shakespeare says finely—

"Our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

And the meditative, melancholy Hamlet, resolving death into a sleep, exclaims with solemn emphasis, not unmixed with dread, —

"Perchance to dream."

Queen Mab is the undisputed sovereign of dreams; and "drawn by a team of little atomies," her nocturnal gallops through the brains of the lover, on the knees of the courtier, (over whose nasal promontory too she occasionally takes a drive !), o'er the fingers of the lawyer, the lips of the ladies, the tithe-pig-tickled nose of the parson, and the neck of the soldier, may not be entirely fancy and fiction. The abbot, rosy and round, dreams of heaven, (a monastic heaven) viz., capons, claret, and clouted cream; and in bygone days charms were laid under the pillow to induce pleasant dreams. Dreams are generally supposed to deal more with the past than with the future. They are retrospective rather than prophetic. The scenes of childhood, the long-forgotten events of early years will, in a dream, suddenly re-appear in all their primeval truth and freshness; and features and forms, voices and tongues that we should find it impossible correctly to recall to memory in our waking moments, miraculously revisit us, in their perfect identity, in a dream. Uncle Timothy (whose last contribution to the *Literary Gazette* was "MAY DAY") desires me to send you that which, though related in rhyme, is really what it pretends to be (the incident of the "bird" is also a fact), viz.:—

A MIDSUMMER MORNING'S DREAM.

Contented, grateful, and resign'd,
As o'er the past my memory ran,
Upon my pillow I reclin'd,
At peace, I hop'd, with God and man,

When with the morning's earliest beam
Came o'er me a celestial dream.

Methought the icy hand of Death

Unbar'd my earthly prison door,

And far from sin's defiling breath,

My free and happy soul did soar

To realise her promis'd rest

Among the spirits of the blest;

That tineful harps of many strings,

And voices jubilant aloud

Gave Glory to the King of Kings,

And saints and white-robd' seraphs bow'd

In adoration at the feet

Of Him who fill'd the Mercy-seat;

That those whom earth had never priz'd,

The contrite hearted, the cast down,

The poor, the humble, the despis'd,

And they who wore the Martyrs' crown,

The royal courts of Zion trod,

And stood at the right hand of God;

That in the highest Heaven of Heaven

Salvation's symbol shone unvel'd;

What myriads then of souls forgiv'n

Its brightness with hosannas hail'd !

And, at the brazen trumpet's blast,

Their golden crowns before it cast !

That so entrancing, so intense
The glories of this vision grew,
I seem'd to lose both sight and sense—
"Twas then it faded from my view—
The voice of melody was still,
And darkness fell on Zion's hill,
And silent were the harp and lute,
When, in the mist, methought I heard
Sweeter than the sweetest flute,
An unseen, solitary bird
Piping a note that seem'd to say,
"Ah ! let me to the woods away.

"The robin red-breast, and the thrush,
The blackbird, linnet, and the lark,
From every bloomy brake and bush
Invites me home again, and hark !

I hear a sweeter voice than all,

My lonely mate's endearing call."

And now, alas ! dissolv'd the dream

That had to heaven my spirit borne,

And I beheld Aurora's beam

Refulgent, lighting up the morn ;

And saw in all its plumy pride

My serenades by my side !

What brought thee, tuneful stranger, here ?

Art thou the harbinger of bliss ?

The herald from some happier sphere

To tell me (joyful tidings !) this ?

"The day's at hand when heaven to thee,

Shall not a transient vision be !"

Poor little captive ! ill at ease !

It fluttering to the window flew,

Which when I open'd to the breeze,

It clapp'd its wings, and chirp'd adieu !

And vanish'd in the azure bright,

Singing, and soaring with delight.

I thought upon my morning dream ;

And how I pant'd to return

Again to that celestial bairn

Where angels sing, and seraphs burn ;

And, like the throstle to its nest,

Scar to my everlasting rest.

GEORGE DANIEL.

Canobury, September 4, 1858.

OUR STATE PAPER OFFICE.

OUR readers may perhaps remember that we gave a very slight sketch in our first paper [*Literary Gazette*, New Series, p. 53] of Sir Toby Matthew, the son of Toby Matthew, Archbishop of York, to which we added an interesting letter written while he was in Paris, in February, 1607, to his friend Dudley Carleton.

We have, in our researches, recently met with a most interesting correspondence relating to the early life of this same Sir Toby Matthew. The correspondence consists of letters written while he was at Oxford; it makes us acquainted with curious details respecting family matters, or we ought rather to say respecting more particularly the trouble and anxiety he seems to have given to his parents when he was at college. Dudley Carleton's letters are also of the greatest interest; the style in which they are written, his indignant resentment that his disinterested friendship should be misunderstood, and the high spirit and ability displayed give them an especial value, without reference to the interesting subject to which they relate.

The first letter is in the handwriting of Dudley Carleton, and is indorsed "Copie of a letter from Tobie Matthew." It was probably written to Carleton in the latter part of the year 1597, and from it we infer that Carleton had given some kind advice to Toby Matthew, which he felt himself unable to follow; perhaps he had entreated him not to take too much to heart his father's displeasure, unmerited as Carleton seems to have thought.

Toby Matthew to [Dudley Carleton].

Sr.—How kindly I take y' well meant advice my just sorrow will not let me shew. Of wch yf the cause be strange as you know not how to advise me in, how great is the weight therof to me, who by forced patience (a hard injunction to wretched libertie) am inforced to feele yt. My father's usual and eminent favour will not suffer my dutifull and just nature to take the triall of his displeasure in indifferent sort; neyther care I how greate I discourage my self, so that my course heerin may work my satisfaction, wch by no means can be don in better sort than this; yf I shall be able sufficientlie to bewaise my fortune. Indeed the conscience of those things wch are objected are so far from touching that they come not near me; but I am, alas, so weakly backed and so mightie opposed by those that malice me, as that an opinion intimated by them is as disadvantageable to me as it were a truth. My hard case makes me doubt what to doe; silence would argue my consent; and swearing would in their opinion accuse me of untruth, since what I must denie is depos'd by the oath of a perjurouse knave. But I

resolve, wth a great deale more good nature then will I confess, to yeald to that burden wth my parents late upon me, and to direct my self in so great measure as the next newes they receive from me (which perhaps may be worse and speedier than they expect) shall let them understand to their inward grief that so great and so causeless a rebuke doth prove a mightie argument of indiscretion. As for my self I dafe myself as beeing cauleses of my self; only in the conscience of a dutifullie affected mind, wth I ever carried towards my father (who now in a spleen hath cast me of), I will be comforted. But in short, the only true contentment I will impart my self wth all shall be the continual embracement of your trule kind love; although in truth I am not now in case to entartaine anie man's love, but rather all men's pittie. But my stomach is so farr surcharged wth sorrow, as I can not [turn away] speake of what I like and therefore farewell my best [turn away] although your best friend fares as ill as may be.

Y^r afflicted yet loving friend,

TOMIE MATHEW.

We have unfortunately no clue in this letter to the nature of the offence or to the particular behaviour which caused his father to cast him off. In the next letter "the barbrouse Bishoppe" is highly enraged at his son. Toby Matthew seems also to have been a serious cause of complaint to his mother, who he is accused of "impiously practising against." His father does not believe in his sickness, he will not be "deceived by his hypocritical shaws," but calls him a reprobate, a castaway, and an irreverent and disobedient child. He prayed that God would, in sickness, teach his son a lesson, which he was unable to do, or that even death itself might rid him of such a reprobate. Carleton was amazed and indignant that his friend should be so severely treated; he doubtless thought that Toby Matthew's father, a Bishop, should follow the precept which the Great Bishop of all men gave to Peter, when he said unto him, "Not until seven times, but until seventy times seven, should he forgive his brother." Hence probably his reason for "the barbrouse Bishoppe"; at the same time it will be remarked, from the tone which pervades the whole of his letter, that he was highly incensed at the slight he received; he also declares that he will not put up with being called "the Unknown Secretarie" at any man's hands.

Dudley Carleton to John Chamberlain.

Oxford, 10 January [1598].

The barbrouse Bishoppe after he had detained our messenger five daies wthout welcom or awnswere hath at last returned him, but wth so unexpected and unnatural replies as the like cannot be imagined. His awnswere to the Vice-chancellor's letter was, that he had rather have heard of his sonne's death than his sicknes, although this doth somewhat please him in that he sees God hath hearkened to his prayers. He begans his letter wth what shall I write? or what shall I not write? He saith his son shall never recover his favour. *Donec et quousque*. He saith he is a reprobate, a castaway, an example above of an irreverent and disobedient child; and to conclude, *One quem ipsa salus seruere non potest*. He saith he is one who did impionable practise against his mother; his deare (and chaste) mother, whose like he doth tender above seaven sonnes, yes, seaventie seaven sonnes. And at last he entreats him to show him no comfort, to undertake nothing for him, nor to be deceived wth his Hypocristical shewes and malenchollie sicknes. He writh also to Mr. Prichard in all breviti, skorne, and disdaine, skarce in five lines, whereof this is one.—Keep y^r exclamations to some other purpose, or else you are not so wise as God might have made you. And because he would not lett anie wth right well to his sonne escape him, he calls me the Unknown Secretarie. The Unknown Secretarie? *Maledicas illi, si me ames*. And yf I be not quitt wth we he should lett him know what newes is brought yt would drive beyond all his fitnes. Wherefore doe keepe yt from him, and not trouble him wth yt, no more should I have done you wth this tedious discourse but y^r I am willing to take anie occasion of writing to you. And so committing those bartie thanchers wth I owe to the Captaine and my Cosin Dormer to y^r remembrance of them, wth my best commendations both to y^r self, and them, I bid you farewell as I am sure you doe as long as you are at Askott.

Y^r most assuredly
DUDLEY CARLETON.

The next letter we find is also in Carleton's hand, and indorsed "Copie of my letter to Mr. Hicks touching To. Mathew." Unfortunately there is no date to it, but the contents clearly show that it was written some little time after the preceding. Toby Matthew, though out of danger, his desperate sickness allayed, but not taken

away, "is broken in witt, broken in judgment, broken in bodie, and now a fitt child to deserve his mother's favour." Carleton's firm and disinterested friendship through all Toby Matthew's illness and troubles, his untiring efforts to ameliorate his condition, to soften his parents' anger towards him, and to represent him in the most favourable light, are refreshing and pleasing reminiscences of the college days of a man who was destined to render such eminent services to his country, both as ambassador and secretary of state.

Dudley Carleton to Mr. Hicks.

I received y^r leter and onely y^r letter but wth this answer from Mr. Brooke that either his sonn had plaid false or else you were satisfied. I have not heard from y^r brother, nor doe greatlie desire yt, for though I could be glad to receive the monie, yet my necessities be not such that my hast should drive you to such a troule in providing for me. Wherefore at y^r leisure, and when you may best spare yt. I had not been heare at this time to have received y^r letter, had not the sckenes of M^r Tobie Mathew staid me, but now since I have undertaken the thankles office of attending him, I will not leave him until I see him better, wth I hope will be shortlie. For about the beginning of Lent I am necessarie bound for France, wherfore y^r yt shall please you by the retorne of this messenger to appoint me where I shall receive the monie uppon y^r letter in London I shall account y^r as a courtesie. Y^r the recoverie of Mr. Mathew bee not spedie, I must be enforced to leave him in that state wth I would be loath. For he is one to whom I am more bound in kindnes then this common courtesie can make a requitall, and therfore y^r I should leave him in this state I feare he will thinkin I follow the example of those wth should be his neerer frendes. But needs I must leave him, who, God knowes can as ill spare a frend at this time as anie be most miserable. The desperate sicknes wth he was in is by the help of phisick aliaied though not quite taken awaie, but his minde desperatlie sick, broken wth inward vexations and wth the violence of his disease beeing known to me and onely to me, makes me feare that in him wth others can not doubt. Y^r his father (knowing him to be his own sonn) doe yet persist in the opinion that these are but shewes and hypocritical disimulations, let him also know thus much from an Unknown Secretarie, that the best witt and eloquence he hath cannot undoe that wth he hath done. Yes, undecretile done, by laying so mighty a burden on his sonne's neck, as his weakness could not beare. *Ergoem evo laudem* for a triall of his witt to drive his sonne into desperation. But he saith there is cause, and like a *bonus patrifamilias* refers strangers to the shame of his own house, to the sight of a *Schedule* in wth is breffie sett downe, and wisely compiled, his sonne's emdightment by indiscretion then by the defaut of a good nature, to anie man for capitall crimes. But now thus much is wthwise effected, wheras befor there was doubt what should become of him, now he must be his father's and mother's owne, being unfit for anie else. He is broken in witt, broken in judgement, broken in bodie, and now a fitt child to deserve his mother's favour. Since yt is so lett them both provide for him, and wth speed, for now he is growen unmerciable, his frendes fail him wth are wearied wth the continual troule; they pittie him and so bid him farewell. For my part I will doe the best I may about him as long as I may. I doe neither looking for thankes, nor fearing the Unknown Secretarie. But at last I must be constrained to doe like others. I must leave him to his unfortunate fortunes, amongst wth this is the greatest, that he is borne of too wise a father. And thus, at last, I leave you to God, to whom I commit you and my sick frend. Fare you well. From Oxford

Y^r scholars and loving frend

DUDLEY CARLETON.

The "Schedule breffie sett down and wisely compiled," alluded to in the foregoing letter, appears to have been burnt when Toby Matthew was so dangerously ill. Carleton has written on a separate paper, placed inside the above letter.

wth scedula was burnt in my sight wth these wth he dide would be to his shame, and wth y^r he lived he could not repele, for though he protessed upon his soule that he was innocent, yet he said that the plott of his accusations were laid wth such skill, that he knew not how to awnswere them. He said his faulkes from his infancie were enroled, his wordes wrested from him esteemed as deedes, and besides said that to me wth I must not say to you, but y^r he had died was charged to say to his father, and would have now lett him understand had I not been to him an Unknown Secretarie the last he speake of that mater was, that his love to his father was such, that there should not be so great a testimonie of his father's indiscretion. For though the world wold to his shame imagine that these things could not proceede from so wise a man as his father, was reported upp no small p[re]ntes, yet, the wise could not see that his father erred in judgment in making a fire to burne his own house wth framing his sonne's arraignment, and aggravating the smallest matters, as y^r he had rather have these accusations pass for current then be disproved.

Several months have elapsed. In April, 1598, Carleton went to Ostend in the suite of Sir Edward Norris, Governor there. Toby Matthew recovered

in health, the violence of his mother's displeasure towards him much abated, writes to his friend in capital spirits. Great changes had taken place; all his college debts were about to be paid: these debts were probably a principal cause of the Bishop's anger, and although his father still threatens fire and sword, he adds that "his stormes ar such as commonly bringe much fayre weather after them."

Toby Matthew to Dudley Carleton.

London, 20 September, 1598.

S^r.—I shall yow newes, which if I deceave not my selfe, yow will be glad to hear. The violence of my selfe's displeasure is much abated, and theris there y^r her passions will turne into their contraries. Neyther is it likely to be, like fayth without good workes, since for a testimony shew will begin so well. So well, as I am putt into an assured opinion, that speedily shew will pay all my debtes. My father in the meane time, as a straunger to this accident (for he is a straunger to that which he sees, and will not see) threatnes fire and sword; but I doubt not but his stormes ar such as commonly bringe much fayre weather after them. The E. of Ormond hurt. The newes is y^r since the great overthrow theris ar 4 hundred more strothes cut in Ireland. Sir Francis Vere is comminge towards y^r low countries, with him S^r Alexander Ratcliff and S^r Robert Drury. Well, honour prickes them on, and y^r world thinckes y^r honour will quickly prick them of againe. S^r Thomas Shurley hath taken 4 hulkes, the vessels Easterlinges of Lubeck, but it is hoped the freight is Spanish. They ar staid and a commission graunted to examine whether they be prize or no. Cumberland hath taken St. Jean de Porteric, and there hath left S^r John Barkley his general, himselfe beeing addressed other whither. The court is at None-such, where on Sunday my L. Cheife Justice's expectation of beeinge councellour was deceaved. God be thanked. There was there a French gentleman, a master of requestes and president of Lyons, brother to Monse de Vico, Governor of Calais, a man honorably entainited by my L. of Essex, and greatly commended by the Q. for his speech and other carriage. There were with him divers Almains, whereof one lost out of his purse at a play 3 hundred crownes. A new play called Every Man's Humour. Our hostess M^r Seton is dead. I must intreat a kindness of yow. That yow will procure me a Delph sword and dagger hatched in that countrey, and if you come shortly bringe, otherwise send it by the first fitt meanes. I will pay for it at the receyt of it. I very hartily pray yow not to fayle me hereinc. So I rest in serious expectation to hear from yow with the frist.

Yours most assuredly

TOMIE MATHEW.

The allusion in this letter to "a new play called 'Every Man's Humour'" possesses some little interest. "Every Man in his Humour," by Ben Jonson, was first acted at a minor theatre in 1596, but Shakespeare, who fully appreciated its merit, introduced it to a more fitting audience at the Blackfriars Theatre in 1598. It is most probable that the above has reference to the first representation at that theatre.

We have already said that in 1604 Toby Matthew left England, having "license to travel for three years." In July, 1606, writing from Italy to Carleton he makes a singular confession. "I thancke God I can say without vaunting, that I am nothing so errant a raskall as I was wont to be. For I have left swearinge and lyng, and * * * * *, and gaming, but have not learnt that patience and humility that becomes a Christian." In February, 1607, just before his return to England, in another letter to Carleton he says, "I would be glad of a letter from Mr. Francis Bacon, in answair of one I wrote to him, but I would not seem to desyre it. I pray yow cast your selfe in his way. See if you can learn (and send me wodre) in what termes I stand with my father and mother, for I know not, Mr. Bacon is like enough to give you light therin."

We may perhaps at some future time return to this subject, and lay before our readers further letters of interest relating to this most singular character, Sir Toby Matthew.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—The British Museum was, on Wednesday, re-opened to the public, after being closed for a week, as usual at this period of the year, in order that the contents might be re-arranged, the building repaired and cleaned, and the attendants allowed a holiday. The general department of antiquities, natural history, &c., will remain open to the public every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, from 10 to 5 o'clock, till the end of October; and the reading-room, to persons having the privilege of admission, from 9 to 5 o'clock daily.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, September 8.

M. VEUILLOT is in ill-disguised anger, because the Cross of the *Legion d'Honneur* has not been given to him, and has been given to a certain number of "Bohemians," whom he honours with his especial hatred and contempt. All this requires a few words of explanation, for there is more in all these apparent contradictions of the Imperial government than is at the first moment evident. On the one side we see a ruler, one of whose principal means of "keeping down" his subjects is found in the co-operation of the Catholic clergy; on the other, we have before us an adventurer who, to raise himself to supreme power, was obliged to have recourse to men of such tarnished repute and such large consciences that there were few (or no) extremes they would have stopped at. These men surround Louis Napoleon still, and are the only men who are devoted to him. Now, amongst them it is doubtful whether there exists any belief in anything in the shape of religion or even ordinary morality. We should be sorry to think any individual we cared for had no better chance of salvation, through mere piety, than M. Fould, or General Fleury, or M. de Morny, or some dozen others we could name. The Emperor's position is therefore in this respect a double and a very difficult one. He takes the Sacrament on the one hand, and announces, it when he does so, in large letters in the *Moniteur*; whereat the Jesuits hold up their eyes and hands, and say he is evidently the chosen of Providence. But, on the other hand, popularity must be attempted, and neither the Jesuits nor Jesuitism are popular in France; then come into play all the scum of the literature of this country, and M. Fould, aided by M. Mocquard and M. Ste. Beuve, or it may be by the arch-cynic, Mérimeé, lays hold here and there of a hungry son of Parnassus, and throws him half-starved into the golden cage of the *Moniteur*, or the *Revue Contemporaine*, where he begins to "pick up" a little, and ends by singing with full throat the most extravagant praises of the Empire. But these songsters are, one and all, descendants of Voltaire, and far worse, as to impurity, than ever their ancestor was. They are very unprincipled, very unscrupulous; but they do hold to having no creed, and when it is sought to accustom them to holy water and other saintly ceremonies, the faces they make recall at once those curious contact described by the phrase of *le Diable dans un bénitier*. And yet, if the very least respectable among les Bohémiens were not now and then secured by the Government, and told to "sing" for it, there would be utter silence around it; and this it is obliged, if possible, to avoid. But you perceive the complex nature of its situation at once. The Emperor gives banners to the priests of the chapel of St. Anne of Auray, but he opens the columns and coffers of the official press to those who are the professed enemies of all the saints in heaven; he bows down devoutly before all the miracles that the Jesuit party choose to invent; but he is full of admiration and graciousness for gentlemen who publish books in glorification of Voltaire; the Empress hangs medals round this or that person's neck, and affirms belief in the darkest, narrowest, most absurd superstitions (this is natural, she being a Spaniard), yet never misses the performance of one of those theatrical farces which the pious denounce as positively the work of Satan himself. And when both Emperor and Empress have received M. Veillot in such a way as to induce in him the conviction that they look upon him as little less than a species of Vice-Pope in person, they extend their kindest sympathies and blandest smiles to some profane journalist who, like Edmond About, for instance, or Henri Murger, is by common consent pronounced a hopeless, inveterate infidel. They can't help themselves; but the devout are quickly up in arms, and Saint Veillot fulminates against the weakness and impurity of the Imperial ministers as he does (once a week at least) against "perfidious Albion." Upon the *Univers* the government does not venture to retaliate; for

unluckily this vile paper is, little by little, growing to be the organ of the Church of France, instead of being repudiated by it almost in a body, as it was in 1848, when it began its recent campaigns. M. Veillot is free to say what he chooses; the Emperor will cause him to be let alone in return. M. Veillot affects to attack only the "Ministers;" and, agreeing to believe in all the sovereign's hypocrisies, consents to put Louis Napoleon in a gallery of sanctified crowned heads. But this time M. Veillot's bitterness has overflowed; and, at sight of the illustrious Boniface (of the *Constitutionnel*), and Murger, and nobody knows who else of the sons of impurity, decorated by the crimson ribbon of the *Légion d'Honneur*, the holy man loses all command over his temper, and bursts forth with a tirade hot enough to broil the whole infidel tribe at once, without taking the trouble to re-kindle the fires of the Inquisition. "Voltaireans, now-a-days," says M. Veillot, "are neither tormented nor persecuted in any way. Their mysteries are undisturbed, their rites are quietly accomplished, and theatres, which are their temples, are erected for them. Their artists, their vaudevillists, their feuilletonists, their novel writers, all the tribe who amuse them, are decorated by hundreds, and in crowds."

This is true; and if the imperial government really held to deceiving the public as to its piety, it would be a matter for serious consideration, how far it ought to reward individuals whose perpetual habit it is to ridicule and revile every Christian precept or truth. But, probably, had M. Veillot been included in the number of those on whose breast blooms the little bit of red so dear to the heroes of the daily press, above all other men in France, he would have enveloped the nomination of his "erring brothers" in a cloak of charitable silence.

It is certain that just now those "temples of Satan" called theatres, which the *Univers* denounced to the wrath of the righteous, are in the enjoyment of the most scandalous prosperity. Somehow or other the autumn season this year is less favourable than usual to the tribe of pleasure seekers abroad, and those who habitually fly off to watering-places and châteaux flock on the contrary this time to the theatres. Directors say that September is as good to them just now as October or November; and, the rain aiding, there are few managers who are not on the high road to fortune. All this too, be it remarked, without any "novelties" or "extraordinary attractions." It is, for instance, an unheard-of occurrence that the Théâtre Français should realise receipts of 4000f. with the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, very ill acted; whilst with the *Comte Ory* or the *Sommambule* (ballet) the Grand Opera actually makes 8000f., and with the *Magicienne* or the *Prophète* 10,000f.—namely, as much as it can make! At the Opera Comique, again, Auber suffices. With *Fra Diavolo*, with the *Fiancée*, with the *Macon*, and with *La Part du Diable*, the pretty little *salle* of the Rue Travers coins money, and had need do so, for its artists are beginning to cost it dear. Madame Cabel, who just now reigns supreme, is no cheap prima donna, and is most decidedly not worth what she costs. Her vocalisation remains as pure as it ever was, but does not surpass that of Madame Ugalde or Caroline Duprez; her truth of intonation only is marvellous; but her pretty *timbre de voix* is for ever gone, its roundness and softness have fled like the down from a gathered peach, and as to style, she never had any nor ever will have—she has no notion of a *musical phrase*. This will bring me forcedly to the Théâtre Lyrique. But a word beforehand. The Opera Comique has now added to its expenses a new tenor, M. Montaubry, who is to be paid 40,000f.! Faure immediately declared, his engagement being out, that he would not remain under the same sum! 40,000f. are consequently to be given to Faure; nor are these thrown away. There does not exist a really severe judge of music who, having heard Faure, hesitates to acknowledge in him the most perfect singer of the present day, added to one of the most unexceptional voices perhaps ever heard (an all but complete barytone and tenor). Faure

has that which, since Duprez, no singer in any country has possessed: the *secrets*, namely, of that old Italian art which the Porporas, Zingarellis, Crescentinis, and other *gran' maestri*, inculcated into their pupils for years before they allowed them to mount upon a stage. Faure knows how to breathe, how to open his mouth, how to emit the voice, how to guide it where he intends it to go, and nowhere else—all profound secrets of the art, whereof, simple though they seem, the immense majority of contemporary singers are entirely ignorant. Ask Rossini what he thinks of Faure, and you will find what I am now saying of him repeated, with the addition of still greater praise. I have no hesitation in saying that could, in a benefit representation, Faure and Mme. Miolan be united together, two of the most consummate artists would then be heard that the annals of music have ever registered.

Now we come to the Théâtre Lyrique, and to the event of this last week—the revival of the *Nozze di Figaro*. It is a curious fact that the Paris public should flock as it does to listen to this immortal *chef d'œuvre*. I ask myself why it does so, and cannot answer the question. Pascal says most truly, "the one great thing is to know how such a thinker thinks his thoughts;" and a great curiosity is, to know how such a person or such a public comes by such or such an admiration. I can easily understand the Paris public rushing to hear the *Freyjuschütz* or *Oberon*; there is in these an element that the vulgar-souled can feel, at the same time that the connoisseur appreciates it; but, in the *Nozze*, there is absolutely nothing that the vulgar-souled can take in. I was lucky enough to secure a box for the first night of Mozart's divine work, and a more enraptured crowd I never saw; yet I know that in all those ordinary, common-place, essentially prosaic Philistines who were gathered there to listen, there was probably not one, whom I could have asked without fear and trembling, to explain his admiration to me. "It is fine sermon, Sir, but you are not capable of knowing whether it is so or not!" That gloriously insolent onslaught upon presumptuous mediocrity assuming to judge of what is above it, with which Dr. Johnson pulverised some luckless snob who ventured to laud what he could not understand, appeared to my mental vision as the only possible rejoinder one should have to make to any of the *bourgeois* around, who should have been led into explaining his enthusiasm. "Has, then, the beautiful influence over those, whose every act of every day and hour of life is one negation of its power?" This was what I could not help inwardly asking myself. Yet they did applaud in the right place! This is one of the "things" not "in Heaven" but in our world which thoroughly mocks at all the dreams of my "philosophy." It is quite beyond my power to describe Madame Miolan's *Cherubino*. It is altogether the most perfect lyrical performance of our day. Both her airs are incomparably given, but the "Voi che sapete" is a miraculous triumph over every difficulty that the science of song contains. Yet where are they who can judge this? Where are they who know that the execution by the voice of all the *fioriture* Paganini ever invented is less easy to achieve than the perfect equality, that absolutely even flow each into the other, of those first five notes of the opening phrase? And where are the singers who, upon the "even tenor" of their breath, can steadily support the nicely poised tones of that exquisite melody, so almost impossible in its simplicity? Of Madame Ugalde, I will say nothing, for she is admissible as *Susanna* only in an age which probably sees small difference between the bride of *Figaro* and the Abigail of any heroine of the *demi-monde*. Of Caroline Duprez, it must be acknowledged that her voice (or what she ever had of voice) is gone, but the art is left, and that has gone on improving every day; she sang the air of the *Countess*, "Dove sono?" in the purest and most refined style, and her duet with Madame Miolan ("Sul aria") which has been transported from *Susanna* to the *Page* on purpose, was one of these gems

that leave an impression on the memory for ever. This superiority of the Théâtre Lyrique, however, costs it dear, and, whilst the *Nozze* every night it is played crams the house, the outgoings it induces, and the small attendance on the "off nights," more than compensate for the sums gained, and in the end the poor Théâtre Lyrique is not unlikely to die of its success.

I have still a provision of dramatic news to give you, for theatre-going is one's chief occupation at this season; but the subjects before me are too important to be attended to at the close of a letter. Next week I will give you a description of Léon Gozlan's new comedy, which is really well worth notice, like all that falls from that clever but sometimes paradoxical pen. Then, too, there is the great event looming in the distance: the double *Faust*! at the Théâtre Lyrique, Gonnod's *Faust*, which is certain to be a serious work of art; and at the Porte St. Martin the *Faust* of M. Denney, whose disdain for Goëtha is so great, that he says he knew "absolutely nothing of the stage!" Rouvière is engaged to play *Mephisto*—Rouvière the *Hamlet* such as the French mind conceives the part—the only Prince of Denmark according to the taste of France.

Paris, Wednesday.

Theatrical news predominates this week. The Odéon Theatre has, after being closed several weeks during the hot weather, re-opened with two new pieces; the Gymnase has brought out a new piece; the Français has revived *Louis XI.* with the loud-voiced Beauvallet in the part in which Ligier was so much admired,—also a comedy sordid acted, Sedaine's *Philosophe sans le Savoir*; the Opéra has given the *Reine de Chypre*; and the Théâtre Lyrique has re-opened with the *Nozze di Figaro*, and has produced a new two-act opera. Of all these novelties, the one which has made the most noise is the new play of the Gymnase, which is entitled *Il faut que Jeunesse se paie*, and which is by one of our smartest writers and cleverest dramatists, Léon Gozlan. Its title will cause any one who is at all familiar with Parisian "life" to guess that its personages are of the Alexander Dumas fils class, the *Demi-monde* that is to say, men who are either swindlers or vicious, and women who sin fearfully and impudently,—and they will guess aright. The title will also cause them to suppose that the subject can be no other than that young man who, to use a French expression, has passed a "stormy youth" is punished in after life, when he has grown staid and respectable; and they will suppose right. In personages and subject then there is nothing new in the new play. Nor are the incidents of such a nature as to redeem this want of novelty; some of them have figured over and over again on the stage, as for instance a rollicking supper of young men about town, and damsels not received into society; others are revolting, as for instance a married woman being found by her husband quietly seated at work at an embroidery frame in the chamber of a young man; others are absurd, as, for instance a young lady of noble family and immense fortune going out to the Crimea as a sister of charity, in order to choose her husband from amongst the heroes of the trenches of Sebastopol. Neither is the dialogue brilliant or witty,—it is not even always smart; and what few "points" it has are of questionable taste. On the whole, then, the play must be pronounced a bad one.

But though bad, let not your readers suppose that it was not enthusiastically applauded. It was so applauded—of course; new plays by authors of note, or any pretension, always are in Paris. The fact is, that here the *claqueur* system is perfectly understood, and is practised with consummate art. It is related of a celebrated French dramatist, that exasperated one night at being hissed, he cried, "Ah! I know well who it is that hisses—it is the scoundrels who have paid for their places!" Knowing, then, from the dramatist's experience, that people who pay at the doors have the astounding presumption to suppose themselves entitled to express an unfavourable opinion of a piece if they happen to entertain

one, managers and authors are in the practice of altogether excluding the paying public on the nights of first performances. It makes "things pleasant," just as the "cooking" of accounts does for railway directors. The ordinary *claqueur* in the pit is reinforced, and largely; *claqueurs*, male and female, are distributed in boxes, orchestra, stalls, and galleries; and the rest of the spectators, grateful for the free tickets they have received, are well disposed to *claqueur*. And so at every "point" of author or actor, whether good or indifferent, there is a loud clapping of hands; hand-clapping accompanies the exit of each of the principal performers, and follows the conclusion of every scene and every act; and at the end of all, the *claqueurs*, professional and non-professional excited by the noise they have made, clap hands, and stamp feet, and wave hats and handkerchiefs, and cry, "All! all!" meaning the actors;—and when the actors have bowed and grinned in obedience to the call, "L'auteur! l'auteur!" "The author! the author!" is the cry; whereupon one of the players, looking as solemn as a lord chamberlain ushering in a tray of negus to the "presence," comes forward and says, "Gentlemen, the piece we have just had the honour to represent before you is by Monsieur —!" Everybody in the house knows it as well as he, but nevertheless everybody affects to be overjoyed at the information, and takes another turn at hand-clapping; after which everybody goes into the saloon to eat bad ices, or into the adjacent *cafés* to imbibe horrid beer. Such is the way a first night's "success" is managed in Paris. After it, puffing does the rest. The critics of the newspapers puff one and all, either because they are friends of the author and cannot dislodge him, or are anxious to stand well with the manager who gives the boxes, or desire not to spoil the run of a piece in which Mons. This or Mdlle. That has a nice part. Ah! if plays were, as they ought to be, judged honestly and impartially, by first-night audiences, and by newspaper critics, the drama in France would, I firmly believe, regain all its ancient *éclat*, and be perfectly unapproachable by that of any other country. For amongst the many things which distinguish the French from other peoples, is a perfect and exquisite familiarity with the mode of concocting, writing, acting, judging, and being interested in plays.

Jules Janin will very shortly publish a work entitled "*Rachel et la Tragédie*," but it is intimated that it will consist more of a review of the great parts she played, than of biography or anecdote. This, I suppose, means that Janin is going to vamp up his old articles, or as a Parisian would irreverently call them *tartines*, from the *Journal des Débats*. It is an easy way of making a book. It must be confessed, however, that in the shape of biography he can have nothing to tell which everybody does not know, and that so many anecdotes about the actress, true and false, interesting and absurd—most of them false and absurd—have been published, that the public are weary of such things. Saying this reminds me that I ought to have told you long ago that a pretended history of *Rachel*, published in English at London, and which attracted some notice from the English press, was, judging from the extracts given—which were all I saw of it—one of the most audacious *récasées* of French biographies and theatrical journals, and especially of notices in the *Figaro* that writer ever gave to the public as an original work. The book was published anonymously, but it has been announced in literary circles here, and not contradicted, that it was by a lady of the name of De Barrera y Fuentes.

Theophile Gautier, the well-known critic of theatres and art, novelist, traveller, and *littérateur*, is about to go to Russia. Of course he will write a book; and of course he will try to make his book as charming as those he gave years back about Spain and Constantinople. Russia, however, is a rugged country, and Russians are decidedly devoid of the picturesque which distinguishes Castilians and Turks.

An action was yesterday brought against the

director of the Italian theatre in this city for having neglected to bring out a small opera by Rossini, —Jurite Rossini—which, with the great composer's consent, one Berrottini had definitely arranged, and for which he had written a libretto. "How are the mighty fallen!"—time was when theatres would have made war on each other for the slightest unpublished scraps of Rossini. The upshot of the action was, that the director—his name is Calzado—was ordered to bring out the opera before the 31st December, 1859, under pain of paying damages.

Baden-Baden, 7th September.

"Once upon a time" there was a lonely little Pandemonium-Paradise of this name, meriting its double title by the wicked fascinations of its gaming-tables, and by the wonders of its romantic scenery, as well as by the peculiar charms of its easy unpretentious life. The Dowager Duchess of Baden, Stephanie, who still exists, then received the foreigners who were presented to her at her tea-table, visited the public rooms with her charming daughters, now married and matrons, and held the prettiest little *bourgeois* court imaginable. There was a fascination of simplicity in a sojourn in this exquisite valley of the Black Forest, "once upon a time," which has long since fled before more gorgeous and bewildering fascinations. Railroads invaded the peaceful Pandemonium; facility of travelling beckoned the crowd, and the crowd came. The Baden-Baden of those days exists no longer. Another Baden-Baden, more gorgeous, more brilliant, more confusing in its dazzle, has sprung up in its place. Splendid hotels with terraced gardens, and creeping-plant festooned arcades, and stately orange trees, now form the little mountain-torrent that rippled formerly beneath humble lodging-houses. An army of Parisian crinoline sweeps on like a mighty avalanche, threatening male victims down public alleys and avenues. The *bourgeois* court has shrunk like a frightened snail into its own pretty little quiet shell; and King Benazet now rules a motley wandering tribe of pleasure-seeking tourists, reckless artists, and *Bédouines du Demi-monde*.

"Once upon a time," with June and July the Baden season was come and gone. Such wandering English as visited the spot at a later date, were regarded as abnormal specimens of a nation, once considered the type of eccentricity. Now, October still finds "lingerers loth to leave." At this early date in September we may be yet considered to be in the height of the season; but Baden has its periods of "season" as strongly marked as periods of a life. In the early sun-tide of the year the German element abounds, young in its greater simplicity, *naïf*, and passably "green." Then comes the hot "hey-day" of exuberant spirit in the French artist, the Parisian *viveur*, and the characteristic type of French life, the *Demi-monde*. Later come sweeping down the host of Russians, more stately in their would-be worldly-wise pretension, yet still clinging to their assumed character as the gay and jovial *Français du Nord*. Last of all, the more solid and dull English, already somewhat wearied of life, after the busy turmoil of their own London season. These periods intermingle, but yet are tolerably strongly marked. We have entered, along with nature, into the last period now. There is a tint of yellowness upon the woods, and a chillness in the evening air; and there is a sort of listless fatigue on the countenances of the pleasure-seekers of the season's "Decline." From the "Fall" we are still somewhat distant.

We have been somewhat driven from the field, we English, by our old enemies the Russians. They have for the last few seasons come down upon Baden, with a resistless force of arrogant exclusiveness, which has all the ancient perfume of that gone-by pretension among ourselves in the days when George IV. was king. It is they who sit apart in the shaded bazaar alley, at tables, around which they draw a magic circle, inscribed with the aristocratic device, "*Noli me tangere*." It is they who have invented the *Club des Femmes*, for the purpose of sundering society, and creating a

world within a world. It is they who, with that well-varnished semi-savage air, enter the public rooms with a disdainful toss of the Calmuck head, cast a supercilious look around, and speedily swim forth again, as if the troubled waters of publicity were too impure for their nice organs of exclusiveness. True! little scandal says that the vaunted *Club des Femmes* merits the first title given to this place, without having any pretensions to the second. "C'est un enfer," said a recreant lady member of the secluded circle to me yesterday. "On se déchire à belles dents : et l'on s'arrache les jeunes gens, que c'est pitié à voir." There may have been a little malice in this, but no less truth. So the Russians have arrogated to themselves to be the far-apart senate of society, under the rule of Benazet, the king : and the English have been beaten upon the ground which they have but feebly defended. The latter in these days have retreated before the invader to Hamburg, where they can set up their own throne of pretension. But verily our enemies have the better part. They need not grudge our English dames the privilege of considering themselves more comme il faut, further removed from the contact of Parisian corruption, in flat, treeless, uninteresting Hamburg, when they can be paramount in one of the loveliest spots with which Heaven ever blessed earth, where they are mistresses of the veritable magic region of the picturesque, where they can play their exclusive part upon that wondrous stage, where the fairest Nature so smiles upon the fascinations of Art, and Art has so embellished Nature that all sense of possible reality disappears ; and you cannot but fancy that you are gazing upon the fancy decoration of a fairy drama, and fully make up your mind that the whole spectacle must of course be packed away during the winter months,—mountains, valleys, ruins, streams, colonnades, glittering saloons, bowery hotels, picturesque Swiss chalets, bright moonlight, and all, to be stowed away in some gigantic scene-room until the re-opening of the theatre next season. Yes, Baden may be the Pandemonium of the gambler ; but it is the Paradise of the Nature-lover still.

Yours is no "Court Journal;" still a few words about King Benazet, the most kindly and amiable of despots. This famous *propriétaire des jeux*, the second of the name, has for many years past pursued a system by which he has taken the sceptre of Baden entirely into his own hands. It cannot be said that he has usurped it. It is an established fact, I believe, that from the proceeds of the gaming tables he reserves only a very modest competence to himself. The vast sums that result from the privileged gambling are bestowed exclusively upon the embellishment of the place, in which he finds his pride and glory. How far "*la fin justifie les moyens*" is a vexed question, which it is not my province to enter upon now. The most magnificent saloons have been added to the already gorgeous halls laid open to the public. In these exquisite fairy apartments balls are given, to which the wandering guests are invited. A theatre is erected in them weekly. French authors are lavishly paid to write new pieces ; the best actors are lured from Paris, and remunerated *en principe*. New operettas are written and composed, and the first singers invited to perform them ; and again the prince dispenses his golden favours. Invitations are again dispensed to the guests, and the guests are requested to walk in and enjoy the truly royal entertainment. Benazet is the king of a fairy land of hospitality. He is courteous to artists and men of letters ; they are made the most privileged and favoured of his guests. He is generous to the unfortunate at the tables ; but, like many other mysterious potentates, King Benazet is as invisible as the Grand Llama—he showers his prodigal favours, but never shares in them himself. Few have ever seen his face ; fewer still know him. But he is no myth, although a being apart. The bank has broken, it is said, at least a dozen times this year, but the royal hospitalities are not stinted one whit. A new operetta, with a new composer and fresh Parisian singers of note, is promised for next week to the eager

crowd. A magnificent public theatre is in contemplation for next season, to which the general public will be then permitted to pay at moderate prices ; but the loss to the royal manager will still be enormous, considering the magnificence of his enterprise. It is another way of distributing a more general hospitality, so, whatever his title or the basis of his throne, King Benazet will still rule with a more brilliant sceptre than ever.

The last of Monsieur Benazet's great feats has been the establishment of the Baden races. The course has been cleared, and stands erected, and supplementary buildings scattered around, with a grandeur and a marvellous rapidity, which justifies his title as king of Fairyland. The first of the races, which already assert the pretention to attain (one day or other) a world-wide fame, took place last Sunday—*dies non* for us English. The second day takes place to-morrow ; and of the new Ascot risen upon the banks of the Rhine more may be said hereafter. Meanwhile Baden teems with notabilities. The Princess of Prussia is here on a visit to her children, the Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden, who, for a while, dominate the mountain-terraced town in their château. Madame Miolan Carvalho, and Roger, and Berlioz are gone. But Ernest and Sivori, and Vivier, are still here to charm the crowd ; and, *en attendant* the new troop from the Opéra Comique for the new opera, we are promised a second performance of an original comedy, from the pen of the well-known author, Méry, by an amateur troupe, selected from the Russian *cotière*, and fireworks as evanescent as *amateur* performances, and may be a little more brilliant, and *bals parés*, and the Austrian military band for the multitude, and all the usual daily and nightly delights of our Pandemonium Paradise.

P.

SCIENTIFIC.

ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN.—The Duke of Northumberland, K.G. F.R.S. President, in the chair. Thomas H. Huxley, F.R.S. Fullerian Professor of Physiology, Royal Institution, and Professor of Natural History, Government School of Mines, Jermyn Street. On the Phenomena of Gemmation. The speaker commenced by stating that a learned French naturalist, M. Duvauc, proposed many years ago, to term the middle of the eighteenth century, "*l'Epoque des Puceros* ;" and that the importance of the phenomena which were first brought to light by the study of these remarkable insects renders the phrase "*Epoch of Plant-lice*," as applied to this period, far less whimsically inappropriate than it might at first sight seem to be. After a brief sketch of the mode of life of these Plant-lice, or *Aphides*, as they are technically termed ; of the structure of their singular piercing and sucking mouths ; and of their relations to what are called "blights;" the circumstances which have more particularly drawn the attention of naturalists to these insects were fully detailed. It was between the years 1740 and 1750, in fact, that Bonnet, acting upon the suggestions of the illustrious Réaumur, isolated an *Aphis* immediately after its birth, and proved to demonstration that not only was it capable of spontaneously bringing forth numerous living young, but that these and their descendants, to the ninth generation, preserved a similar faculty. Observations so remarkable were not likely to pass unheeded ; but notwithstanding the careful sifting which they have received, Bonnet's results have never been questioned. On the contrary, not only have Lyonet, Degeer, Kyber, Duvauc, and others, borne ample testimony to their accuracy, but it has been shown that, under favourable conditions of temperature and food, there is practically no limit to this power of asexual multiplication, or, as it has been conveniently termed, "agamogenesis." Thus Kyber bred the viviparous *Aphis Dianthi* and *Aphis Rosea* for three years in uninterrupted succession ; and the males and true oviparous females of the *A. Dianthi* have never yet been met with. The current notion that there is a fixed number of broods, "nine or eleven," is based on a mistake.

As, under moderately favourable conditions, an *Aphis* comes to maturity in about a fortnight, and as each *Aphis* is known to be capable of producing a hundred young, the number of the progeny which may eventually result even from a single *Aphis* during the six or seven warm months of the year is easily calculated. M. Tougaard's estimate adopted (and acknowledged) by Morren, and copied from him by others, gives the number of the tenth brood as one quintillion. Supposing the weight of each *Aphis* to be no more than $\frac{1}{1000}$ th of a grain, the mass of living matter in this brood would exceed that in the most thickly populated countries in the world. The agamogenetic broods are either winged or wingless. The winged forms at times rise into the air, and are carried away by the wind in clouds ; and these migrating hordes have been supposed to be males and females, swarming like the ants and bees ! During the summer months it is unusual to meet other than viviparous *Aphides*, whether winged or wingless ; but ordinarily, on the approach of cold weather, or even during warm weather, if the supplies of food fall short, the viviparous *Aphides* produce forms which are no longer viviparous, but are males and oviparous females. The former are sometimes winged, sometimes wingless. The latter, with a single doubtful exception, are always wingless. The oviparous females lay their eggs, and then, like the males, die. It commonly happens also that the viviparous *Aphides* die, and then the eggs are left as the sole representatives of the species ; but in mild winters many of the viviparous *Aphides* merely fall into a state of stupor and hibernate, to re-awake with the returning warmth of spring. At the same time the eggs are hatched and give rise to viviparous *Aphides*, which run through the same course as before. The species *Aphis*, therefore, is fully manifested not in any one being or animated form, but by a cycle of such, consisting of—1st, the egg ; 2nd, an indefinite succession of viviparous *Aphides* ; 3rd, males and females eventually produced by these, and giving rise to the egg again. If, armed with the microscope and scalpel, we examine into the minute nature of these processes (without which inquiry all speculation upon their nature is vain), we find that the viviparous *Aphis* contains an organ similar to the ovarium of the oviparous female, in some respects, but differing from it, as Von Siebold was the first to show, in the absence of what are termed the colletorial glands and the spermatheca—organs of essential importance to the oviparous form. In the terminal chambers of this "Pseud-ovarium," ovum-like bodies, thence called "pseud-ova," are found. These bodies pass one by one into the pseudovarian tubes, and there gradually become developed into young, living *Aphides*. As Morren has well said, therefore, the young *Aphides* are produced by "the individualisation of a previously organised tissue." The only organic operation with which this mode of development can be compared is the process of budding or gemmation, as it takes place in the vegetable kingdom, in the lower forms of animal life, and in the process of formation of the limbs and other organs of the higher animals. And the parallel is complete if such a plant as the bulbiferous lily or the *Marchantia*, or such an animal as the *Hydra*, is made the term of comparison. Thus agamogenesis in the *Aphis* is a kind of internal budding or gemmation. If we inquire how this process differs from multiplication by true ova or "garnogenesis," we find that the young ovum in the ovary is also, to all intents and purposes, a bud, indistinguishable from the germ in the pseudovarium of the agamogenetic *Aphis*. Histologically there is no difference between the two ; but there is an immense qualitative or physiological difference, which cannot be detected by the eye, but becomes at once obvious in the behaviour of the two germs after a certain period of their growth. Dating from this period, the pseudovarium spontaneously passes into the form of an embryo, becoming larger and larger as it does so ; but the ovum simply enlarges, accumulates nutritive matter, acquires its outer investments, and then falls into a state of apparent rest, from which it will never emerge, unless the in-

fluence of the spermatozoon have been brought to bear upon it. That the vast physiological difference between the ovum and the pseudovum should reveal itself in the young state by no external sign, is no more wonderful than that primarily the tissue of the brain should be undistinguishable from that of the heart. The phenomena which have been described were long supposed to be isolated, but numerous cases of a like kind, some even more remarkable, are now known. Among the latter, the speaker cited the wonderful circumstances attending the production of the drones among bees, as described by Von Siebold; and he drew attention to the plant upon the table, *Celogyne ilicifolia*, a female euphorbiaceous shrub, the male flowers of which have never yet been seen, and which nevertheless, for the last twenty years, has produced its annual crop of fertile seeds in Kew Gardens. Not only can we find numerous cases of agamogenesis similar to that exhibited by the *Aphis* in the animal and vegetable worlds, but if we look closely into the matter, agamogenesis is found to pass by insensible gradations into the commonest phenomena of life. All life, in fact, is accompanied by incessant growth and metamorphosis; and every animal and plant above the very lowest attains its adult form by the development of a succession of buds. When these buds remain connected together, we do not distinguish the process as anything remarkable; when, on the other hand, they become detached and live independently, we have agamogenesis. Why some buds assume one form and some another, why some remain attached and some become detached, we know not. Such phenomena are for the present the ultimate facts of biological science; and as we cannot understand the simplest among them, it would seem useless as yet to seek for an explanation of the more complex. Nevertheless, an explanation of agamogenesis in the *Aphis* and in like cases has been offered. It has been supposed to depend upon "the retention unchanged of some part of the primitive germ mass;" this germ mass being imagined to be the seat of a peculiar force, by virtue of which it gives rise to independent organisms. There are, however, two objections to this hypothesis: in the first place, it is at direct variance with the results of observation; in the second, even if it were true, it does not help us to understand the phenomena. With regard to the former point, the hypothesis professes to be based upon only two direct observations, one upon *Aphis*, the other upon *Hydra*; and both these observations are erroneous, for in neither of these animals is any portion of the primitive germ mass retained, as it is said to be, in that part which is the seat of agamogenesis. But suppose the fact to be as the hypothesis requires; imagine that the terminal chamber of the pseudovarium is full of nothing but "unaltered germ-cells;" how does this explain the phenomena? Structures having quite as great claim to the title of "unaltered germ-cells" lie in the extremities of the acini of the secreting glands, in the sub-epidermal tissues, and elsewhere; why do not they give rise to young? Cells, less changed than those of the pseudovarium of the *Aphis*, and more directly derived from the primitive germ-mass, underlie the epidermis of one's hand; nevertheless, no one feels any alarm lest a nascent wart should turn out to be an heir. On the whole, it would seem better, when one is ignorant, to say so, and not to retard the progress of sound inquiry by inventing hypotheses involving the assumption of structures which have no existence, and of "forces" which, their laws being undetermined, are merely verbal entities.

CAMBRIAN ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—The 12th annual meeting of this Association was held at Rhyl, in Flintshire. It began on the 30th of August, and lasted till the 4th inst. The place chosen was not only one of great convenience, on account of its position on the Chester and Holyhead Railroad, but was also a central locality for many interesting objects of antiquity. The members mustered in good number under the presidency of the Lord Bishop of St. Asaph. Sir Stephen Glynne, Lord-Lieutenant of Flintshire,

was at the head of the local committee, and all the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood threw their houses open on the occasion, taking at the same time a most active interest in the proceedings of this body. As usual, in all meetings of this kind, excursions were made by the Association each day to explore the various antiquarian remains of the district, and each evening the members assembled to hear papers and memoirs read, to discuss various topics connected with this peculiar pursuit, and to hear accounts given of the result of every morning's operations. A temporary museum was formed, which contained a small but good collection of charters and other medieval documents connected with the neighbourhood, a numerous collection of early seals, specimens of armour, coins, early printed books, &c. Among the places and monuments visited during the excursions were the following:—Rhuddlan Castle, one of the most scientific and best finished works of Edward I., having been, in fact, his principal *place d'armes* when undertaking the conquest of Snowdonia and subjugating the whole of North Wales. It is in a fair state of preservation, and is carefully kept from injury by its owner, Mr. W. Shipley Conway. Rhuddlan Priory and Church; Bodrhyddan House; the Gop, an immense beacon-tumulus, erected on a lofty limestone mountain overlooking the sea and commanding the whole north-western coast from Snowdon to Skiddaw; Golden Grove House; Dyerth Castle and Church. This was the programme of the first day. On the second the Association visited Basingwerk Abbey, of the 13th century; Holywell, with its beautiful chapel and well, built by Lady Margaret, temp. Hen. VII.; Downing House, formerly the abode of Pennant, the antiquarian, now the residence of Lord Feilding; and Mostyn Hall, the ancient dwelling of the noble family of that name. At Downing are preserved Mr. Pennant's library and all his MSS., including his collections for London, as well as for his works on Natural History. At Mostyn is one of the finest MS. libraries in Wales; the printed books, too, are peculiarly valuable; and the collection of portraits, including several Vandykes, is one of the best in the Principality. On Thursday the Association went to Conway Castle and minutely examined that splendid Edwardian palace, as well as the ancient church and town. The walls round the town are quite complete, and constitute an almost unique specimen of military architecture of that period, as applied to municipal purposes. It is much to be regretted that the lessee of the castle and the inhabitants of the town should not be more alive to the historic value and architectural beauty of the monuments amid which they live. They ought to be kept in better repair, and be protected from unnecessary dilapidation. On Friday some of the members visited St. Asaph Cathedral, and others went to Flint and Ewloe Castles; the former celebrated as the scene of the surrender of Richard II. to Bolingbroke, the latter, for the defeat of Henry II. by the Welsh, under their Prince Owen Gwynedd. On these excursions the members were most hospitably entertained at Golden Grove by Colonel Morgan, at Downing House by Lord Feilding, and were shown over the armoury at Bodrhyddan by Mr. Shipley Conway, and at Mostyn Hall by Lady Mostyn, who accompanied them to the library, and had the most valuable of the MSS. brought out and laid before them. During the evening meetings several papers of archaeological value were read. Mr. Stuart, Secretary of the Royal Society of Antiquaries in Scotland, read a memoir on the comparative study of Scotch and Welsh sculptural stones, crosses, and other monuments. Mr. Barnwell, Secretary to the Association, read a very interesting paper on Breton antiquities, the result of his explorations during the present year. There was one result deduced from these papers, and confirmed by the comparison of Irish and Welsh antiquities, which is of some importance—viz., that all the insulated stone pillars, or meini-hirion, whether in Scotland, Brittany, Ireland, or Wales, are decidedly sepulchral monuments. This extends to the great collection and *alignements* of stones

at Carnac and other places of Brittany; and is believed to apply also to Stonehenge, in England, the date of which is probably much more recent than is commonly supposed. Papers were read by Mr. Wright on Anglo-Saxon remains as compared with Welsh ones; by Dr. Guest on Offa Dyke; by Mr. Morgan on the ancient boundaries of Carmarthenshire; by Miss Williams on St. Germanus; and by Mr. Longueville Jones on early British sculptural monuments, and on Ogham inscriptions found in Wales. A great deal of interesting discussion was occasioned by these papers; they were all copiously illustrated by drawings; and the proceedings of each evening were characterised by much animation. The whole thing, in fact, went off with *éclat*, there was no hanging fire, no bungling, no waste either of time or temper. The Lord Bishop of St. Asaph presided at the evening meetings, and accompanied two of the excursion parties, taking part also in the discussion of the papers read. His Lordship presided with great courtesy and discrimination. It was announced at the last evening meeting that the Association would hold its next annual meeting in the town of Cardigan. It appeared also that the number of members has much increased, and that the finances were in a most satisfactory condition, inasmuch as after all expenses were paid there was always a balance in the hands of the treasurer of nearly one-third of the whole annual income.

FINE ARTS.

Studies from the Great Masters. Engraved and printed in Colours by William Dickes, with Prose Illustrations. Parts I. and II. (Hamilton, Adams, & Co.)

As we saw, a week or two back, the French Academy of the Fine Arts has been considering in solemn conclave the question whether or not the "vulgarisation of Art" is desirable. The decision was in the negative. But there is one mode of vulgarising Art which would not assuredly disturb the equanimity of the Academy—that of placing its highest manifestations within the reach of every class. This is an "extreme diffusion of Art," which even the Academy, we should think, would not condemn; which, on the contrary, every lover of Art would regard with satisfaction, similar to that with which the scholar regards the universal diffusion of the masterpieces of literature.

As far as painting is concerned, engraving has rendered familiar the best works of the great masters to a very wide circle who could never have seen the originals. But, at best, engraving gives a part only of the picture. Thoroughly to appreciate a good engraving a certain amount of Art-education is necessary, and a considerable acquaintance with paintings. The engraver produces his effect by means of light and shade, and something of what may be termed symbolism. He copies the form, but he translates the colour. As he cannot give colour, he gives something which is suggestive of it, and to some extent atones for its absence—but that a something only to be read by those conversant with the language of engraving. An engraving, it has been often said, bears to the original picture pretty much the same relation as a translation bears to an original poem. But there is this difference between them: a poetical translation is as much enjoyed by the comparatively uninstructed as by the learned reader; an engraving requires for its full appreciation a certain special knowledge. It is, in effect, a translation out of the universal into a particular language. Colour is the instrument by which the painter makes his most direct appeal to the popular mind, and by it he at once commands attention and ensures sympathy. Without colour the noblest work will produce on an uneducated observer but a weak and imperfect impression. And hence, whatever may be the case when Art-education becomes general, anything like the full popular influence of painting can only be wrought out by means of original paintings or coloured copies of them.

The work before us is an attempt, and a successful one, to produce coloured copies of works by the great painters, which shall be worthy to lie on the drawing-room table of the amateur, and yet be cheap enough to find a place in the cottage of the mechanic. We do not of course mean to say that they are equal in refinement and power to a highly finished line engraving, or that in the niceties of colour they can be compared with a copy from the pencil of a skilful painter—far less that they approach the higher excellences of the original; but we do say that the plates in the parts before us are—regarded as what they profess to be, "*Studies of the Great Masters*"—highly creditable works, while their cheapness is astonishing. For a shilling is given a copy about $\frac{3}{4}$ inches by $\frac{5}{8}$ of a picture by Correggio or Guido, by Reynolds or Hess, in which the drawing, light and shadow, and colour are all carefully and, broadly speaking, correctly rendered. Art-printing in colours, by the processes of Messrs. Baxter, Leighton, Hannhart, Day, Rowney, and others, has long been in use; but either it has been comparatively costly in the process, or weak in the results, or, where applied to the production of low-priced works, it has been rather conducted as a mechanical than an artistic process. Very beautiful have been some of the works produced in chromo-lithography, but they have been chiefly copies of water-colour drawings, and it is as imitations of water-colour drawings that chromolithographs are most successful. The plates before us are copies of oil-paintings, and by a kind of glazing of the shadows something of the depth as well as transparency of oil is given. The process by which they are produced must necessarily be a simple one, and admit of rapid working, to allow pictures of so much excellence to be sold at so low a price. We understand that a large sum of money has been embarked in the enterprise, and besides money and mechanical skill, artistic knowledge has been embarked also. Being fully assured that whatever tends to popularise Art, to put within the reach of the humbler classes works not merely of a high order of excellence, but such as they can appreciate and enjoy, deserves the support of all who wish to see refinement more generally diffused, we are anxious to commend the "*Studies of the Great Masters*" to the notice of our readers.

Only two parts have as yet been issued: each contains two plates, with accompanying letterpress, and is sold for two shillings. The selection is restricted to no particular country or school. Two of the plates are from the old, two from modern masters. Italy, Germany, and England are represented. The first plate is from the '*Ecc Homo*' (or, as it is here called, the '*Christ crowned with Thorns*'), of Guido, which was bequeathed to the National Gallery by the poet Rogers. A single head—in itself rather a study than a highly finished picture—it afforded favourable scope for the process, and the plate is perhaps the most successful of the four. The force of the expression, the depth and vigour of the colour, and the broad sketchy treatment are very fairly rendered. The second plate is the '*Infant Samuel*' of Sir Joshua Reynolds, a work the homely simplicity of which will always make it a popular favourite, whatever be its fate with the professors of aesthetics. This is also a very pleasing plate; but Sir Joshua's rich sombre tone of colour is not exactly caught. Quite in a different style, and more elaborate, is the plate after the '*Christ Blessing Little Children*' of Hess. Here we have one of the leading works of the modern German school; a composition of seventeen figures on a gold back-ground. Instead of the depth of tone of the former plates, we have in this the dry severity of the modern fresco. Though hardly on a sufficiently large scale to reproduce effectively the characteristics of Hess's manner, the plate will serve to convey a far more distinct impression than the ordinary outline etching of the style of the original picture, as well as of the capabilities of this colour-printing process. The last of the plates is a reproduction of Correggio's well-known '*Holy Family*' (the '*Vierge au Panier*'), one of the gems of our National Gallery. To those who are

familiar with that exquisite little picture, it is needless to say that a shilling print fails to give an adequate idea of the marvellous delicacy of the flesh-tints, the chastened harmony of colour, and perfect repose of the whole picture; the grace and loveliness of the mother, the beauty of the child: but we venture to affirm that very few of the many copies made every session from the picture would serve so well to recall those qualities to the memory. For ourselves, we should prefer Doo's engraving—the rendering of a work of genius by a man of genius; but hardly would Doo's engraving we fancy, if hung on the cottage-wall, so vividly revive the recollection of a visit to the National Gallery, so effectually appeal to the imagination and the sympathy of the great class to whom even the occasional sight of a painting of a high order is a luxury.

For this class we would suggest the advisability of the publisher, or some frame maker, producing a neat low-priced frame, yet artistic in design, for mounting the pictures. When we spoke of them as cheap enough to find a place in the mechanic's cottage, we did not suppose that the mechanic would be likely to buy the consecutive numbers of the work. Rather we supposed that the publisher or the printseller would find it to his interest to offer single plates, from which a selection might be made to suit the purchaser's taste or fancy, or one or two be purchased when convenient for hanging on the wall of the little parlour or bedroom. And that, we confess, is what we should heartily like to see. We know of nothing that would so "glorify the room" (to borrow one of Sidney Smith's happy expressions) as to hang up a good copy,—as nearly as might be colour for colour, tint for tint, light, shadow, expression, each and all as in the original,—of one or other of the best works of Correggio or Raffaelle, of Titian or Cornelius, of Perugino or Reynolds, of Tintoretto or of Turner, of Reubens or of Landseer, of Murillo or of Scheffer, according as the owner's taste should lead him to prefer form or colour, divine expression or homely truth, poetic grandeur, or prosaic accuracy.

In the parts before us all the subjects selected are scriptural. We trust that a fair sprinkling of secular subjects will be given in future numbers. Some such are, indeed, promised. Among the plates in preparation, besides the '*Three Maries*' after Annibale Caracci (not Correggio, as is printed in the announcement), and for copying which the "special permission of the Earl of Carlisle" has been obtained, are '*The Idle Servant*', after Maas, and Murillo's '*Spanish Flower Girl*', two very suitable works, but, the latter especially, sadly hackneyed. We recommend the conductors, as soon as practicable, to include in their series some of the many high-class genial English pictures which come directly home to the popular business and bosom; by so doing they would be sure to win the support of a numerous section of the public, who want something that they can more readily understand than an Italian rendering of a scriptural theme, which seldom wholly satisfies the unartistic English intellect.

We may also, as we have begun to make suggestions, add that we should prefer to see the "prose illustrations" a little less poetical. The "eloquence"—and unhappily all who write on Art now-a-days deem themselves bound to be eloquent—has rather a theological twang, smacks of the pulpit more than of the picture-gallery, seems to have fallen from the pen of a preacher rather than of an Art-critic, and—like the sentence we are spinning—employs many words to express a very small matter. If it were only a little condensed, room might easily be found, for—what ought never to be omitted—a brief statement of the size and present locality of the picture, and so much of its history and peculiarities as could readily be given without trenching on technicalities. For example, what purchaser of the parts under notice would not like to know that the original Guido is $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches high by 16 wide, and that consequently the copy is just two-fifths of the original in size; or that the original Correggio being only $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches by 10 the copy is in size exactly three-fifths of it: or any other information of a like specific kind which

would assist him in forming a more vivid conception of the original of the work before him?

But the "prose illustrations" are a mere make-weight; the prints are the really important feature, and they as we said before are not only surprisingly cheap, and at the price surprisingly good, but they would be even at a much higher price very creditable performances. Both the artist (Mr. Dicks) and the publishers deserve every praise for the style in which they are produced, and we heartily wish their speculation good speed.

ANCIENT AND MODERN COINS AND MEDALS.—

On Tuesday an extensive collection of ancient and modern coins and medals, the property of a gentleman in the north of England was disposed of by Messrs. Christie and Manson at their lower room in King Street, St. James's Square. Subjoined are the principal lots:—English Silver Coins.—Maundy money of all the Sovereigns from Charles II. to Victoria. Some proofs, all fine, many rare, 3*l.* 1*s.*; William II., Rufus, star over each shoulder, JELHORD ON GIEL, fine and rare; and William I., two sceptres, type fine, 1*l.* 1*s.* Henry I. crowned, full-faced bust; reverse, PAX across centre, fine and rare, and four others, 3*l.* 1*s.* Crowns.—Edward VI., Elizabeth, Charles I., II., one by Briot, all finely preserved, 1*l.* 1*s.* Elizabeth, M. M., fine and rare; Charles I., Exeter; Charles II., James II., all finely preserved, 2*l.* 8*s.* Charles I., by Briot, fine; Oliver Cromwell (some Vandal has cut his initials on the face), rare; James II., William III., 1696, all fine, 1*l.* 1*s.* George III., Mudie's crown; William IV., crown, &c.; Victoria, 1847, all fine proofs, 4*l.* 6*s.* Gold coins.—A Venetian sequin and eight ducats, all fine, 4*l.*; Philip of Spain as Duke of Milan, and 9 others, all fine, 6*l.* 1*s.*; John, King of Portugal, and 4 others, fine, 2*l.* 1*s.*; foreign ducats, &c., all fine, a lot of 20, 8*l.* 15*s.*; large Portuguese coin, and 8 others of Philip II. and Albert and Elizabeth of Austria, 6*l.*; Philip, Duke of Burgundy, and 4 others, fine, 2*l.* 1*s.*; large Belgian, and Philip IV. of Spain, 2*l.* 10*s.*; Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, and 10 others, all very fine, 7*l.* 4*s.*; 12 Spanish coins, of rude fabric, 1*l.* 5*s.*; John of France, and various French coins, 18 in all, 8*l.* 6*s.*; Philip Pavilion, John, &c., one double and three Louis d'ors of Louis XV., all fine, 9*l.* 5*s.* Grecian Gold Coins.—Philip II., of Macedon, and Alexander III., staters, 2*l.* 2*s.*; Philip II., Alexander the Great, Carthap, or Panormus, all fine, 2*l.* 1*s.*; Philip II. and Alexander, both fine staters, 2*l.* 4*s.*; ditto and Lysimachus, 6 in all, 6*l.* 1*s.*; a daric and 5 small Syracusan gold, 1*l.* 1*s.*; Cosseen of Brutus with the lictors, 5 small coins Syracuse, and a stater of Carthage, 2*l.* 1*s.*; Lysimachus, fine work, imitation of a tetradrachm in gold, and a false coin of Dyrrachium, 6*l.* 1*s.*; tetradrachm of Lysimachus in gold, fine work, false, and a false coin of Seleucus, 3*l.* 10*s.*; false coin of Ptolemy of Egypt, and a false Consular coin, 3*l.* 16*s.*; Roman gold coins—Tiberius, 2, fine; Claudius, reverse; Triumphal Arch, DE BRITANN., on the Conquest of Britain, rare, well preserved, 3*l.* 8*s.*; Tiberius, 3, Nero, 5, all well preserved, 7*l.* 3*s.*; Nero, 2, Vespasian, 3, Titus, Trajan, 2, ditto, 7*l.* 4*s.*; Hadrian, 2, A. Pius, fine, 2*l.* 1*s.*; Valentinian I., 4, Theodosius, 4, varied, all fine, 4*l.* 10*s.*; Arcadius, Honorius, 11, Gratianus, Anastasius, 3, all fine, 8*l.* 18*s.*; Placidius, Valentinian, 2, Valens, Justinian, 5, varied, all fine, 4*l.* 10*s.*; Justinian, Justinus, Focas, Mauricius Tiberius, Heraclius, and 4 others, 5*l.* 12*s.*; medallion of Livia as Pieta, reverse Vesta seated, 5*l.*; English gold coins, three five-guinea pieces, 1670, 1680, and one of William and Mary, 1691, fine, 2*l.* 7*s.*; English hammered gold coins, Edward III., four nobles, varied, very fine, 4*l.* 1*s.*; Edward IV., six nobles, finely preserved, varied, 5*l.* 9*s.*; Henry VII., 10 angels, varied, finely preserved, 6*l.* 7*s.*; Henry VIII., 8 angels, Mint mark, portcullis and castle, 5*l.* 2*s.*; Elizabeth, double ryal, M. M. cross crosses and angel, M. M. lis, both fine, 2*l.* 12*s.*; James I., 8 half units, M. M., varied, finely preserved, 4*l.* 8*s.*; ditto, 3 units, M. M. varied, well preserved, 3*l.* 18*s.*; Charles I., Oxford, 3*l.*;

piece, reverse Declaration, very fine, 3*l.* 12*s.* Gold.—Large Portuguese gold coin and a Russian piece, 7*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; medal of the Order of the Garter, with original suspender, very fine, 7*l.* 7*s.*; ditto of Maximilian Fred. III. Elector, reverse Maria his Consort, 3*l.* 7*s.*; two Japanese coins (Kopango) countermarked, and a half-mohur with the arms of Oude, 2*l.* 10*s.*; Hindoscythic 2, early Indian, and a mohur of Victoria, 1841, 2*l.* 15*s.*; Kanerki, false, and 2 mohurs, fine 4*l.* 14*s.* The whole realised upwards of 700*l.*

THE PROPOSED ROYAL VISIT TO CANADA.

WE learn that Mr. Norris, the gentleman who has been deputed by all the leading men in Canada to visit this country, to invite the Queen or some member of the Royal Family to open the Exhibition at Montreal, has had very satisfactory interviews with Sir. E. B. Lytton and the Earl of Carnarvon. It happens that all the arrangements of Her Majesty and of her illustrious family are made for the autumn; so that there is no hope of a mission, which deserves to succeed for its loyalty's sake, being fulfilled exactly in the way that our Canadian fellow-subjects have desired. But there is a hope, and a well-grounded hope too, that in the course of next summer the people of our great American dependencies will have their feelings gratified by a visit from some prominent member of the royal family, if not of the Queen and the Prince Consort. This much we are enabled to say already. We are also enabled to say, that the loyal and affectionate sentiments which have prompted a request so unusual, and in some respects so courageous, are fully appreciated in the highest quarters. We believe, therefore, that we may prepare the public mind for something like a royal progress in Canada in the good year 1859.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

THE Atlantic Cable is at fault. Telegraph communication with Newfoundland and consequently with the United States is either altogether suspended, or so imperfect as to be practically suspended. Whether the stoppage be temporary only, as we trust and believe, or unfortunately permanent, is not yet determined; nor is it yet determined to what cause or causes it is owing, or whether they have arisen within limits that admit the application of effectual remedy. The fact was communicated to the public on Monday evening last, by the publication of the following notice, signed by the Secretary of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, and dated Valencia, Saturday, Sept. 4, 11.45 A.M.:—

"Sir,—I am instructed by the directors to state that, owing to some cause, at present not ascertained, but believed to arise from a fault existing in the cable at a point hitherto undiscovered, there have been no intelligible signals from Newfoundland since 1 o'clock on Friday morning, the 3rd inst. The directors are now at Valencia, and, aided by various scientific and practical electricians, are investigating the cause of the stoppage with a view to remedy the existing difficulty. Under these circumstances no time can at present be named for opening the wire to the public.

"Yours truly,
"GEORGE SAWARD, Secretary."

There are numerous causes that may have produced this unfortunate result. A single hole through the gutta-percha or insulating covering of the copper wire, no larger than sufficient to allow a single hair of the head to pass between the wire and the outer casing of iron, or the water, occurring at any point of the whole length of two thousand miles of cable would be sufficient to produce the misfortune. It will be remembered that the signals have once before ceased. This happened in the transmission of the President's reply to the Queen's message. Mr. Whitehouse discovered the cause of the interruption. There was a faulty portion of the cable near Valencia. For-

tunately it was easily accessible, and as soon as it had been repaired, electrical communication was re-established. Mr. Whitehouse, who appears to have had some differences with the directors, with which we cannot interfere, has published a letter, in the course of which he says—

"There is, I apprehend, little real cause for anxiety, nor is there necessarily, so far as I am at present aware, anything in this obstruction calculated to damp the most sanguine hopes of ultimate complete success. It is apparently no more than a repetition, from continued exposure to the same causes, of the fault or injury, already once removed, and which ought by this time, so far as human means admit, to have been prevented or rendered impossible."

This, so far, is satisfactory. The directors, accompanied by Mr. Saward and several practical electricians, are still (Friday) at Valencia; but the officials of the company in London are without any information as to what has been done there to discover the place of stoppage or the result. The permanent shore end of the cable intended for the Valencia end, and which is much stronger and thicker than the rest, and calculated to resist the greater amount of risk to which it is exposed as it approaches the landing-place, was to be embarked at Plymouth, and conveyed to its destination without delay; but on Thursday instructions arrived from Ireland to suspend the embarkation. We must not omit to mention that Mr. Bright, as was anticipated in our last, received the honour of knighthood from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, previously to a grand banquet at Killarney on Tuesday in honour of the laying of the cable. Nor must we omit to mention that, in the course of the week, Mr. J. W. Brett has published a pamphlet "On the Origin and Progress of the Oceanic Electric Telegraph," which establishes beyond all doubt or cavil the important part he has taken in the present and other enterprises of an analogous character. Hereafter Mr. Brett will be acknowledged to be one of the greatest men this country has ever produced.

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS TELEGRAPH.

THE same week in which the public were informed of the misfortune to the Atlantic cable, has seen the successful opening of that which has been laid between Weymouth and the Channel Islands. It was opened for business on Thursday, and is now in full operation. The first message, however, was sent on Tuesday by Mr. Aubin, constable of the island, through the Home Secretary to her Majesty, who was then upon her way to Balmoral. It was as follows:—

"The Directors of the Channel Islands Telegraph Company, on behalf of the people of the islands, solicit that you may be pleased to lay before her most gracious Majesty this the first message conveyed by their telegraph. Though the establishment of this means of rapid communication with the mother-country is an event of minor importance to the empire at large, it is one of heartfelt satisfaction to Her Majesty's loyal and devoted subjects here, as tending to draw still closer the bonds which for nearly one thousand years have linked these islands to the crown of England, and more firmly to secure that connection, the foundation of their liberties and their prosperity, and which like their forefathers they would deem no sacrifice too great to preserve."

"Jersey, Sept. 7.

The Queen received this loyal message at Edinburgh, and the same evening the following reply was graciously forwarded by the telegraph:—

"Holyrood Palace, Tuesday night, Sept. 7.
"The Queen has received with the highest satisfaction the announcement of the successful completion of a telegraphic communication with the Channel Islands; and while her Majesty congratulates the directors of the Channel Islands Telegraph Company upon their success, she rejoices in the more rapid means of communication and the closer connection thus happily established with a portion of her dominions hitherto locally separated, but always united to her crown by a spirit of unswerving loyalty unsurpassed in any part of them, and of which the message just transmitted on behalf of the people of the islands contains a very gratifying expression."

Her Majesty's reply was published on Wednesday morning, and it caused great enthusiasm in the islands.

The cable is of the size of the shore end of the Mediterranean cable, but with ends in a proportionately degree thicker. It starts from Church Bay, Portland, and rests in depths of water varying from 35 to 40 fathoms, as far as the island of Alderney, which has been fixed upon as the first

station. At this point the French coast is only nine miles distant, and Cherbourg is plainly visible. From Alderney the cable stretches to a point on the north-west coast of Guernsey, and crosses that island to St. Peter's Port, where there is a station in the guard-house, nearly upon a level with the sea. It then runs to Cape Gros Nez, and is landed upon a sandy beach,—a matter of no small importance in an island so begirt with rocks as Jersey. Between eight and nine miles of underground work brings the line to St. Helier's. The station is situate at the corner of the Grand-square. A considerable trade exists between the Channel Islands and St. Malo, Granville, and other places on the French coast. An extension in that direction would afford to Normandy and Brittany the facilities of communication which are now denied to them. A message of 20 words from England to any of the towns in those provinces is now charged from 12*s.* 9*d.* to 14*s.* 6*d.* The charge for a message of like length from London to Jersey is 5*s.*

THE DRAMA AND MUSIC.

HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—A meeting of the stewards of the late Hereford Festival was held on Tuesday, to audit the accounts and ascertain the results, which turn out to exceed the anticipations of all parties. Although, from the smallness of the attendance, occasioned by deaths in leading county families, the absence of others, and other adverse circumstances, the deficiency exceeds that of the last festival by about 10*l.*, this excess will have to be divided among twenty-five stewards. On the other hand, the receipts on behalf of the Clergymen's Widows and Orphans Charity are greater by nearly 100*l.* than the receipts at the last triennial festival in 1855. Several additional subscriptions have lately been received, to add to the donations collected at the doors of the cathedral. The new subscriptions include 100*l.* from Miss Wolferston, of Tamworth, 25*l.* from Lord Bateman, and 10*l.* each from Canons Poole and Lee. These make the general subscriptions up to 900*l.* The Worcester dividend of 60*l.* is yet to come, and, with some further donations, it is hoped 1000*l.* will be realised: 914*l.* was the sum collected for the charity in 1855.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The musical part of the festival was brought to an end on Friday by a performance of varied interest, consisting of Mr. Leslie's new "biblical cantata" entitled *Judith*, Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion*, and Beethoven's Mass in C. Of the last two well-known pieces (in both of which English words were used) it is enough to say that they were executed for the most part under the direction of Mr. Costa. Happily, the President did not insist upon the repetition of any pieces in either, and thus the serene and unruffled beauty of the *Lauda Sion* was allowed to be contemplated without interruption, while the numberless traits of genius in Beethoven's incomparable Mass had all the better chance of being understood and appreciated. During the "Gloria," "Credo," "Sanctus," and "Benedictus" of the latter the audience stood, resuming their seats before the commencement of the "Agnus Dei," thus making a marked distinction between the act of glorification and that of prayer, which in a concert-room was, we think, scarcely warranted. They might with equal propriety, have risen to the opening chorus ("Praise Jehovah") of the *Lauda Sion*.

Mr. Leslie, who directed the performance of his own "cantata," was welcomed in a highly flattering manner on making his appearance in the orchestra. The plan of the book of *Judith* has already been communicated to our readers. The music is not, we think, likely to advance the reputation of its composer beyond the point attained through his oratorio of *Immanuel*. A more ambitious aim is evident, both in the design and the method of carrying it out, and this is accompanied by a greater strain after originality. We fail, however, to observe that progress in the arrangement of materials, that approach to some

thing like decision of style, which we should wish to have seen in one whose first important effort, in spite of its manifest weaknesses and inequalities, promised so well. There are capital things in *Judith*, just as there are capital things in *Immanuel*; but in one as in the other they are rather things of promise than of fulfilment. Mr. Leslie is earnest, no doubt, and his heart is with his work; what seems wanting is judgment to know how much to reject and how much to accept of that which may directly address itself to his fancy. The execution of the work was in all respects admirable and effective. The band and chorus were zealous and painstaking throughout, and the principal singers—Mdme. Castellan, Mdme. Viardot Garcia, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Sims Reeves—left nothing undone to insure success for the music of their young countryman. The audience applauded more than once, in spite of the conventional restrictions, and the President redemanded the tenor solo (Mr. Sims Reeves) and chorus, “God be merciful unto us,” which brings the first part of the *cantata* to an end. After *Judith* the National Anthem was performed, Mdme. Clara Novello taking the first two verses as solos, the last verse being allotted to the principal singers in the Mass, as a quartet. The grand dress ball in the evening terminated the festival.

The attraction of a new work combined with the influence attached to the names of Beethoven and Mendelssohn was very considerable, and, as may be seen by the subjoined official statement, the attendance, although not so numerous as on the *Elijah* and *Messiah* days, was decidedly a good one:

FRIDAY MORNING.—JUDITH, &c.

	Number attending.	Receipts. £ * d.
President and Vice-Presidents, at 2ls. each	180	189 0 0
Secured seats, 2ls. each	589	618 9 0
Unsecured seats, 10s. 6d. each	637	361 7 0
Donations and collections	205 12 5	
Passes	2 12 6	
Five-guinea tickets	16	84 0 0
	1472	£1461 3 11

The *Birmingham Journal* adds, “An examination of the details will show that the meetings were supported as liberally as ever by the aristocracy and the gentry; and, considering that the object of the Festival is strictly local and confined to the poor, the support they give these meetings is most creditable to their good feeling. It might have been expected that those among ourselves who can afford the luxury of doing good, while participating in an elevated enjoyment, would require no stimulus to the duty of imitating their example; but no one could cast his eyes on the company in the hall without feeling that the inhabitants as a body were profoundly indifferent to that which gives Birmingham a distinction in every circle, and which aids so materially in supporting an institution indispensable to the welfare of the poor. The financial results of the week, with the exception of the proceeds of the ball, and the donations usually received after the Festival, have been given in detail. We may state generally the produce of the seven performances is within a few pounds of 10,000*l.*, about 1500*l.* less than 1855. Still we believe that the net sum to be handed over to the Hospital, if the ball and the after donations produce their usual results, will not show so great a discrepancy, as it is understood that the expenses are considerably less than on the last occasion. If the success had been measured by the amount of toil and care expended upon its achievement, there would have been no need of these comments, for the arrangements were carried out with a spirit and judgment worthy of all praise. We are sure that not a member of the committee will quarrel with us for departing from generalities and expressing the opinion that the time, attention, zeal, and enthusiasm which Mr. J. O. Mason has given to his self-imposed task deserve the warmest thanks of all interested in these meetings. The general arrangements for the convenience of visitors was, as usual, characterised by the best organisation, and the most assiduous regard to the comfort of all concerned.

Hospitalities were dispensed with abundant liberality; and this, at least, is certain, that the reputation of the town, as a nursery for music in its highest manifestations, has been promoted by the series of performances which have distinguished the Festival of 1855.”

LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—Before noticing the Musical Festival of the commercial capital of the West Riding, we must say a few words in reference to Her Majesty’s visit, by which it was preceded. The Queen, the Prince Consort, and two of the younger branches of the Royal Family left London on Monday morning upon her way to Balmoral, and arriving at Leeds the same evening, took up their abode for the time at Woodsley House, the residence of the Mayor, who having had the honour of knighthood conferred upon him, is now Sir Peter Fairbairn. Her Majesty’s reception was most enthusiastic. Almost the whole population of the West Riding appears to have turned out to manifest their loyalty. On Tuesday Her Majesty opened the new Town Hall, which was the object of the royal visit. We may here mention that the main feature of this building is the Great Hall. It is entered from the vestibule, and, whether viewed in relation to its size, the harmony of its proportions, or the extreme beauty of its decorations, it is one of the noblest public rooms in the country. Its dimensions are 161 feet long by 72 feet wide and 75 feet high, giving as will be seen from the following table, a greater area than that of almost any other provincial hall:

	Feet long,	Feet wide,	Feet high.
Westminster Hall	223	66	92
Liverpool St. George’s Hall	169	74	75
Leeds Town Hall	161	72	75
Bradford St. George’s Hall	152	75	54
Birmingham Town Hall	145	65	65
Durham Castle	180	50	36
Liverpool Concert Hall	135	102	68
London Guildhall	153	50	55
London Exeter Hall	130	72	55
London Buxton-sq. Station Hall	125	61	60

With the exception of a small balcony over the entrance at the south end, the room is without galleries, and the general effect is considerably enhanced by the uninterrupted view thus obtained of the entire hall.

In this noble apartment Her Majesty stood on the morning of Tuesday, when she graciously received the following address from the Corporation of Leeds, an address remarkable no less for its independent than its loyal tone:

“TO THE QUEEN’S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

“May it please your Majesty,
“We, the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses of the borough of Leeds, bid your Majesty welcome to this your faithful and loving town, and thank you from our hearts for having granted our prayer, that you would make this happy and memorable day doubly happy and doubly memorable by your auspicious presence.

“We venture to hope that so excellent a judge of art as your Majesty may find something to approve in the Hall in which we are now for the first time assembled, and may be well pleased to see a stirring and thriving seat of English industry embellished by an edifice not inferior to those stately piles which still attest the ancient opulence of the great commercial cities of Italy and Flanders.

“For the mere purpose of municipal government a less spacious and costly building might have sufficed. But in our architectural plans we have borne in mind the probability that at no very distant time civil and criminal justice may be dispensed to an extensive region in this town, the real capital of the West Riding. We were also desirous to provide a place where large assemblies might meet in comfort to exercise their constitutional right of discussing public questions, to listen to instruction on literary and philosophical subjects, or to enjoy innocent amusements.

“Confident that nothing which concerns the happiness of your subjects, from the solemn administration of those laws which protect our lives and our property down to the harmless recreations from which a laborious population returns with new vigour to its toils, can be uninteresting to your Majesty, we were encouraged to prefer our request that the opening of our Hall might be graced by your presence; and we see with pride and pleasure the fulfilment of our hopes.

“We pray God to bless your Majesty; we pray God to prolong your reign; and we know that, in so praying, we are praying for our own happiness and for that of all your people. May a long line of descendants be, like you, repaid for the mild and constitutional exercise of regal power by the respect and love of a free and high-spirited nation. It is probable that in the days of those descendants experimental science will have made great progress; that inventions of which we have seen the promising infancy will have been brought by successive improvements near to perfection; and that the material wealth of our

island may be such as would now seem fabulous. Yet we trust that even then our Hall will be seen with interest as a memorial of a time when England already enjoyed order and freedom, profound tranquillity, and steadily increasing prosperity, under a Sovereign exemplary in the discharge of every political and of every domestic duty; and that those who visit this building will contemplate it with double interest when they are told that it was inaugurated by the good Queen Victoria.”

Her Majesty, taking her written reply from the hands of the Earl of Derby, read it amidst breathless silence, as follows:

“MR. MAYOR AND GENTLEMEN,—

“I accept with pleasure your loyal address, and I thank you sincerely for the cordial welcome with which I have been received.

“It is highly gratifying to me to witness the opening of this noble Hall, a work well worthy of your active industry and enterprising spirit, and while it will reflect a lasting honour on the town of Leeds, I feel assured that it will also secure to the thriving community whom you represent the important social and municipal advantages for which it is designed.”

It was after this ceremony that the mayor received the honour of knighthood; and the next moment the Earl of Derby stepping to the front of the dais said:

“I am commanded by Her Majesty to declare in Her Majesty’s name that this hall is now opened.”

And so closed, amidst long and loud cheering, the Queen’s share in the inauguration of this magnificent structure.

The Festival commenced on Wednesday. The selection of *Elijah* for the opening may be considered on the part of Professor Sterndale Bennett, the conductor—who, by the way, is a Yorkshireman, having been born in Sheffield—a tribute of respect to a warm friend and gifted instructor. It is further acknowledged, also, as one of the leading standard works of the age. A festival without it would be like a festival without the *Messiah*. It is, perhaps, more in harmony with the progressive taste of the people than any other oratorio of the present day, for it combines, in beautiful proportion, the devotional with the picturesque or dramatic form, whilst it is at the same time full of touching melody, that goes to the heart as it delights the ear. The performance was very satisfactory. How could it be otherwise with the Philharmonic Band; a chorus mustering nearly 300 voices, all the members of which were gathered from the hills and moors of this health-giving country; and the principals, who stand highest among our modern English vocalists? Still there were occasional points which we venture to think might have been improved with greater rehearsal,—if comparison is to be made with other eminent occasions. In the earlier choruses, the trebles—which are very fine—seemed to have it all their own way; indeed, not until “Blessed are the men” were the male voices brought into play, and then it was observable what might be accomplished, and what would have been accomplished, but for a tendency to shouting in the *forte* passages. Frequently there was an absence of that massive unity, that depth and breadth of tone, which might have been anticipated from such a body of picked voices. Perhaps the character of the building had something to do with this defect. The very lofty arched roof, upwards of 70 feet in height, certainly gives out a greater resonance than is desirable, and which we fear it will be found difficult to conquer. This may probably also account for the indistinctness of utterance, particularly remarkable on the part of the principals generally. Mr. Reeves, for instance, whose elocution is among his better qualities, could scarcely be followed except by those familiar with the text, and others of the group were equally indistinct. With these exceptions, there was much to praise. Reeves is singing finer than he has ever yet sung. His first recitative and air following “If with all your hearts,” and his “When shall the righteous,” have never been interpreted with a finer feeling, or by a more perfect organ. It would be ungracious to differ in opinion with so consummate an artist as Madame Clara Novello. Granting that she reads the great air “Hear ye, Israel,” as the words would indicate, and as the composer conceived them, then there is no denying her potency in that finely dramatic piece of writing. But our impression of the true meaning is totally at

variance with that of Madame Novello, and therefore we can scarcely concur in the very general expression of critical approval. The voice of this delightful singer is almost as fresh and pure in quality as in her early career. An apology having been made for Miss Dolby, in consequence of sudden and severe indisposition, the whole of the contralto music was taken by Miss Palmer. This young vocalist—a pupil, we believe, of Mr. Hullah—possesses a voice of great purity and equality of tone; there is a delightful freshness about it; whilst in her singing she exhibits both intelligence and good training. This was particularly noticeable in “Hear ye not heard,” for the power, to a certain extent was wanting, yet the declamation it would be difficult to excel; whilst so pure and so full of feeling was her delivery of “O rest in the Lord,” that it became the nearest approach to an encore of anything during the progress of the oratorio. Mr. Weiss had the great work of the morning on his shoulders, and bore himself manfully. The part of “Elijah” is so grand, so full of greatness in every respect, that it requires almost the genius of the composer to fill it with true life. Mr. Weiss did not accomplish all that might have been desired, but he took away with him a considerable portion of the honours of the occasion. Mdme. Weiss, we understand, was labouring under a severe cold, and this caused a slight wavering in intonation, retrieved, however, in “Behold God hath sent,” to which she gave impressive emphasis. The other vocal aids were Miss Crossland, Miss Freeman, Miss Helena Walker, Messrs. Wilby, Cooper, Inkensall, Hinchcliffe, and Santley, who added greatly to the general efficiency. The hall appeared well filled, though not crowded, about 1800 persons being present.

The first miscellaneous concert in the evening, which was again attended by between 1700 and 1800 persons, proved eminently successful, and completed the day's triumph. It began auspiciously with Mozart's first symphony in C major, which is as beautiful and engaging as its companion in the same key, the *Jupiter*, is grand. The first *allegro* was not in all respects so well performed as we had a right to expect from the famous band of the Philharmonic Society, and this may be accounted for in a great measure by the excitement of the morning, which had by no means subsided. The last three movements were irreproachable; and it was agreeable to observe the marked and decorous attention paid to the symphony throughout. Leeds, however, is eminently musical; and to such a congregation of Yorkshire amateurs the great Mozart could hardly have been otherwise than welcome. After the symphony came the following miscellaneous selection:—

Air, “Dove sono,” Madame Weiss	Mozart.
Aria, Mr. Santley	Rossini.
Part song	H. Smart and J. L. Hatton.
Variazioni, Madame Albani	Rode.
Violin solo, M. Sainton	Sainton.
Scena, “Robert, toi que j'aime,” Madame C. Novello	Meyerbeer.
Duet, “Morte o colpe,” Miss Palmer and Mr. Santley	Donizetti.
Scena, “O, 'tis a glorious sight,” Mr. Sims Reeves	Weber.
Pianoforte Concerto, G minor, Miss A. Goddard	Mendelssohn.

Madame Weiss in the air of the rejected *Coun-tess*, Mr. Santley in the war-song of *Mahomet II.*, Mdme. Novello in the plaintive appeal of *Isabella*, *Huon's* apostrophe to battle, which Mr. Sims Reeves declaims with such unrivalled energy, and even the dreary duet (as long as it is dreary) from “Pia dei Tolomei,” were honoured with marks of approval more or less encouraging. M. Sainton's solo must have been doubly refreshing to those who had attended the other festivals, where this admirable artist, although engaged in the orchestra, was never once allowed to relieve the unchanging monotony of the vocal selections by a performance on the instrument of which he is so accomplished a professor; nor were the ingenious part-songs of Messrs. Henry Smart and Hatton (“Spring,” and “Ah, could I with Fancy stray”) less grateful from a similar reason. The

fresh voices of the Yorkshire choristers are always pleasant to listen to; that they excel in partsinging is notorious; and equally so that no one writes better or more delicately for voices than Mr. Henry Smart—of which his “Spring” is a remarkable example. Rode's well-known variations, “Ah dolce canto,” were given by Albani with the same surpassing excellence that distinguished her performance of the same piece at the Birmingham Festival, and, if possible, created a still more lively impression, being re-demanded with an enthusiasm that broke through all restrictions.

The concerto of Mendelssohn introduced Miss Arabella Goddard to the Leeds public under the most favourable auspices. The young lady and her hearers seemed mutually pleased with each other, for on no occasion has Miss Goddard played more grandly, and never was her consummate talent appreciated with greater heartiness. Of course, the chief feature in the concert was the new “pastoral,” called the *May Queen*, composed by Professor Bennett, and now for the first time given in public. The author of the words, Mr. H. F. Chorley, out of slight materials, has constructed a very pretty dramatic poem, with characters and incidents precisely adapted to musical treatment. The music of Professor Bennett is worthy of his pen. The score abounds with beauties of a refined and delicate order, the choral writing is excellent, and the instrumentation perfect. The school is that of Mendelssohn, which Professor Bennett has always affected. His work, however, is that of a master, fascinated by the predominant genius of the age in which he himself produces, and contains no instance of servile copying, no mimicry of manner, not a hint at plagiarism. The overture is charming. With very few and slight modifications, the *May Queen* might be rendered irreproachable—a work, in short, not only to be heard once, but often, with the highest satisfaction. The execution revealed many excellent points; but taken altogether was by no means perfect. It should have been given at the commencement instead of near the end of the concert. The *dramatis personae* were thus distributed:—*May Queen*, Madame Novello; *Queen*, Miss Dolby; *Lover*, Mr. Sims Reeves; *Captain of the Foresters* (as *Robin Hood*), Mr. Weiss. At the conclusion, Professor Bennett was overwhelmed with applause from every part of the Hall. The remainder of the concert included the *Tyrolese* from *Bolley*, sung by Albani, with prodigious spirit, and which only escaped an encore owing to the lateness of the hour; Bishop's *Orynthia*, entrusted to Mr. Wilby Cooper; and the overture to Spohr's *Jessonda*. But with the *May Queen* the interest in the musical performance had ceased. On Thursday, Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, a selection from Sebastian Bach's *Grosse Passions-Musik*, and Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, were given in presence of an enormous audience. The execution of the *Mount of Olives* was one of the most admirable we remember. During the “Hallelujah” chorus, with which Beethoven's oratorio concludes, the whole audience remained standing. The second miscellaneous concert in the evening attracted a “bumper,” the Italian vocal element, already so powerfully sustained by Albani, being reinforced by Piccolomini, Giuglini, and other artists from Her Majesty's Theatre. The prospects of the festival improve every hour. There can now be little doubt of its complete success, and of the consequent benefit that will accrue to the Leeds General Infirmary.

MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.—The Free-trade Hall this season bids fair to find more frequent occupation than since the noble building was erected. There will be no lack of amusement, musical and otherwise, for those—and where are they not?—who are ready to enjoy an hour or two of recreation after the fatigues and anxieties of business. On Tuesday the great organ of the Art Treasures Exhibition, which has been placed in this noble hall, was inaugurated by grand morning and evening concerts. Mr. W. T. Best, of Liverpool, presided at the noble instrument. The Monday

nights will present a continuance of those “Monday Evening Concerts,” which, since their establishment in the early portion of 1849, have not only maintained their position, but have gradually advanced in musical quality, as they have extended their interest amongst the people, if we may judge from the yearly increasing numbers of their audiences. Mr. Charles Hallé has announced, for the Wednesday nights, a continuance of those classical “Orchestral Concerts” introduced by him last year. That he will meet with support from a large and influential class, who are capable of appreciating the rich stores of the great masters, we can readily believe. During the recess, there have sprung up a couple of musical societies, which are now putting forth their rival claims upon a “liberal public.” At a meeting of gentlemen held in March last, at the Town Hall, it was resolved to establish a society to be called “The Manchester Choral Society, for the purpose of securing the performance, under the direction of Mr. Charles Hallé, and with all the completeness which the advanced state and resources of the musical art will admit, of oratorios and other great choral works.” Such a society was undoubtedly wanted in Manchester, and we should have rejoiced to learn that all interested in musical progress were combined in its formation, and in strengthening its forces. Unfortunately, as we are informed, the professional choral body of the district, mustering nearly 200 voices, not being included in the arrangements (the society having determined upon the experiment of amateur choral singing), there is a split in the camp, and the veterans have already formed themselves into a well organised body for “self-protection,” under the title of “The Manchester Vocal Union,” selecting Mr. D. W. Banks as their conductor. We tell the story as it is told to us, heartily wishing each and all success, and living in the hope that there may be no repetition of that strange and perplexing encounter which tradition relates of “the Kilkenny cats.” At all events, it is very clear that the public of Manchester will be amply provided with one of the great “humanising influences” during the coming season, and that whoever wins, the “million” have a prospect of not being the losers. The first concert of the “Vocal Union” is announced to take place on Monday, when the greatest of Handel's choral oratorios will be produced with all the force of the “united members.” In the meantime Mademoiselle Piccolomini, with Signor Giuglini, the noble tenor, the talented Vialetti, and the humorous Rossi, present themselves for one concert only this evening, the 11th instant.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. Charles Kean has closed his theatre for a short interval of repose, of which, considering his constant labours as an actor, superadded to the manifold cares and exertions of a manager, he must stand in no small need. The season, which terminated yesterday week, has not been productive of so numerous and brilliant a series of those gorgeous revivals which have so exalted the fame of Mr. Kean's management as was its predecessor. *King Lear* and the *Merchant of Venice* complete the list of new additions to Mr. Kean's gallery of scenic illustrations of Shakspeare which have been made since October last, and in these a tendency is manifested to sober down from that exuberance of garnish and spectacular digression which have marked his former efforts in the art of “getting up.” Those who are disposed to quarrel with the practice of turning the public attention to the works of our national dramatist by the brilliancy of the setting in which they are placed, and to whom all such pompous decorations are an impertinence, will be strongly tempted to make terms with this new “manner” of Mr. Kean—to apply a term of art connoisseurship to that study of the means and appliances of the stage, which pursued in so conscientious and comprehensive a manner as it has been by the manager of the Princess's, and embracing so wide an aesthetical field, cannot but be considered as a species of art in itself and one of a very high

order. The *Merchant of Venice*, in particular, may be taken as the most successful example of an exact appreciation of the limits to which scenic illustration may extend in the production of the higher class of dramatic works, and of which it may be said that only conceptions strictly and literally connected with the text are therein realised, and that so sparingly as never to engross the senses to the detriment of the intellectual perception, but simply to fill them with sights and sounds that form an appropriate accompaniment to the thoughts and actions of the personages without interruption or obstruction to their natural course.

To place so artistically beautiful and historically complete a picture of Venice before the eye as has been visible any night within the last two months at this theatre, and that in such judicious perspective, that the figures in the exquisitely blended tales of the cruel Jew and the fortunate *Bassanio* ever occupy the foreground and absorb the deepest interest, is to have added to the sum of enjoyment of which the human faculties are capable. Indeed, when we have dramatic action and poetry, painting, sculptural grouping, singing, dancing, and historical accuracy in every minor detail, all tending in proportionate ratio to convey one complete impression, it may be said that a new harmony has been created, in which each note of the scale is a separate art. To have pursued with so much energy and industry, and at so great a venture, a course, which has ended in exhibiting the powers and resources of the stage in a more exalted light than had hitherto been done, and in causing their cultivation to be ranked as an object worthy of the highest artistic enthusiasm, is really to have done one's work in the age one lives in; and even had not Mr. Kean possessed at the same time, as he has done, in the special art of an actor, and manifested in the more elaborate finish and improved intellectual tone of his later impersonations, the results of mental habits acquired by his labours in other departments, his services to the stage at a very critical period of its existence would entitle him to a very high place in public esteem. It is not without much regret, therefore, that we receive the announcement contained in the following address, which, according to custom, was delivered by Mr. Kean at the last night of the season.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—At the close of each successive season it has been my custom to address a few words to you in thankfulness for kindness and support.

The present year, from various circumstances, in part unavoidable and in part unexpected, has been to me a period of great responsibility, anxiety, and fatigue, relieved, however, by expressions of public feeling and sympathy, the memory of which can only fade with life.

“Contrary to my original intention, I feel compelled, from the mental and bodily strain I have undergone, to seek a few weeks’ comparative repose, that I may be the better able to bring to a successful termination my next and last season.

“Permit me, therefore, to take this opportunity of announcing my intention of re-opening this house on Saturday, the 2nd of October, and at the same time to state that on the 30th day of July next I shall take my final leave as director of the Princess’s Theatre. In the mean time, Ladies and Gentlemen, allow me, in Mrs. Kean’s name, as well as my own, respectfully and gratefully to bid you farewell.”

STRAND THEATRE.—This diminutive establishment, whose early glories so long clouded under an almost uninterrupted succession of dingy and unnoticeable struggles have revived and entered a more elegant phase under the rule of Miss Swanborough, commenced its winter season last Monday. The occasion was solemnised, to use a very inappropriate expression, by the production of a little one-act piece, which, though it does not call itself so, is fully entitled to the designation of a comedy, entitled *The Last of the Pigtails*, and due to the industrious and expert pen of Mr. Charles Selby, whose services have been acquired to the theatre likewise in the capacity of actor, and who

in such double character will no doubt materially assist its fortunes. At any rate he has made a very promising beginning in the present instance, for not only was the new production very deservedly successful, but his impersonation of the principal character therein materially contributed to that result. Though perhaps no piece ever existed with so small a modicum of that element which is called plot, an interest is somehow created quite at the outset, and very agreeably maintained to the end—an interval not passed under an hour, and something considerably over. This is, doubtless, to be attributed to the fact that a definite idea is steadily worked out before the eyes of the audience, with the dramatic tact of one cunning in avoiding the shoals of tedium on the one hand, or purposeless digression on the other. In this respect, it entirely resembles the class of dramatic trifles which the French have the credit of inventing, and which is called by them a “Proverb.” It would, indeed, completely fall under this head, and present a very excellent specimen of its class, could its purport be so connected with some popular adage, that it might fairly assume it as its title. The moral which is conveyed in this little work, however, though one very popularly received, does not happen to have found, so far as occurs to us, any such proverbial expression. It may be thus stated, that as the world undoubtedly progresses, the changes which time brings about in our habits and customs, even the most apparently trifling, are to be accepted as wise improvements. The lesson is worked out in the person of an old bachelor, *Sir Noah Starchington*, obstinately addicted to all old-fashioned forms and prejudices, and the chronology of whose ideas is symbolised in his dress, which consists of a square cut iron grey coat, short nankeens and gaufers, the whole finishing off with a pigtail. He is fortunate enough however to marry a young wife, acted by Miss Swanborough, who becomes the instrument of that total change in his views and outward garb, which it is the purport of the piece to exhibit. She is brought down by her husband to an old fashioned rural mansion under the charge of a precise and antiquated housekeeper, and a discontented and ailing man-servant, equally imbued with exploded notions, and the battle between old and new commences, in which the young lady finally prevails, gaining first,

by judicious kindness, the outworks of the citadel in the persons of the old domestics, whom she metamorphoses with the latest fashions proper to their position. The old lady appears in a neat long silk gown, and the old man in the white-waisted suit of a modern butler. *Sir Noah*, under the force of example, at length gives way and appears in a brand new suit of the most recent cut, in the advantages of which he expresses, on experiment, his full acquiescence. Another pair are introduced to form a contrast and fill up the canvas. They are a parvenu tradesman’s son, a perfect “gent,” and his wife, a lady of good family, but affecting as quakerlike a simplicity of dress as her husband does the most outrageous extremes of large checks and big buttons, pegtop trowsers, and loud waistcoats. A simultaneous and mutual conversion takes place between these two, the lady assuming crinoline, &c., &c., and the gentleman subsiding into a temperate use of outward ornament.

Let us add that the piece is very carefully and often very elegantly written, with, however, little or no attempt at either witty or humorous exuberance, a tone of sobriety being preserved throughout, well adapted to the purport of the work. The part of *Sir Noah* is played with an air of genial good humour, and even his angry fight against innovation is pleasantly tintured with inherent gentleness of temper, while the deportment of a vigorous old age is happily hit off. Miss Swanborough is arch and lady-like as *Lady Noah*, and Mr. Bland and Mrs. Selby respectively grumbled and strutted with dignity, through the parts of the housekeeper and old manservant, with the best effect. A Mr. J. Clark is vulgar enough in all conscience as the “gent,” and Miss M. Ternan is prettily prim as his wife. Such a piece is a good augury for the future, and

if Miss Swanborough can follow in this suit to the end of her season, she will stand very high in the list of London managers.

THE COMET.

THE comet is now quite visible to the naked eye. It is as bright as a star of the third magnitude. It will be found between eight and ten in the north-west, in the line of the two stars called the pointers, and midway between them and the horizon. Its position varies every evening. A morning contemporary has received the following letter which for its unrefined intelligence we print entire, *literatim et verbatim*.

“Sheerness, Sept. 7 1853.

“Sir—on Munday morning the 6th of Sept. I Seen a Comet Star at 2.10m Am I have Cauld two more men to witness my Strange Site, in the Heavens this Comet Maid its apierance to me above the Horizen at 10 minutes Past 2. The Skey was then very Clear I watched it Course until 4 Am when the Strong Dawn of Day took away its Reflection at 2.30 it is on an Even line with the two Pointers to the North Star & about the Same Distance Below the Pointers as the North Star is from the Pointers I fix 2 Sticks in the Ground & fix a rool by them I took my alivation By those at the Same time I had my Spy Glass to watch minutely its Course in on Half Hour it Crossed my fix elevation to the South about 3 Points this Comet is not as large as the Comet of 1801 I have witnessed the Comet of Eighteen Hundred and 11 & all the Comets Since the above Date, this one is about the Middle Size Class Comet of a Clear Morning you Can See it in the NNE. Housz at 2. Am at 2.30 to 3. it is on an Even line with the 2 Pointers to the North Star it is Visibly Seen By the Eye if the Heavens is Clear—

“Horesen !!! Comet =o pointers o . o N Star o

“Gentlemen Be Pleased to let me Know if I am the fir man that that Seen this Strange Star out of 16 Milion of People in England

“C. MOREN Shereness

“Kent Engalnd

“I have two men to witness my Strange Sight.

“As I Ern my living By being out at Night this 35 years Past I have witnessed often wonderfull Strange Sights in the Heavens—that neaver Come Before the Publick.”

THE REGISTRAR-GENERAL’S REPORTS.—The Meteorological observers, whose observations are published in the quarterly returns of the Registrar-General, have been informed by an official letter that the Lords of the Treasury decline to sanction their being supplied gratuitously with Reports. “Their lordships,” says the Registrar-General,

“Are determined to make strenuous efforts to reduce the annually increasing expense occasioned by the lavish gratuitous distribution of Government Publications; and the same rule which is complained of in your letter to me of 25th inst, will be rigidly enforced in future, not only in my Department, but in all the Offices which issue printed periodical Reports.—The General Post Office.—The Inland Revenue Office.—The Custom House.—The Committee of Privy Council on Education.—The Department of Board of Trade connected with Fine Arts.—The Civil Service Commission.—The Factory Inspectors.—The Mining Inspectors.—The Prison Inspectors, &c., &c. One Shilling and Four pence being the entire annual expense to be incurred in purchasing my Four Quarterly Returns in which the Meteorological observations are published, the Lords of the Treasury hope that the expenditure of that small sum in each year will not deter the observers from continuing their useful labours, when they are made acquainted that their being deprived of the receipt of these publications gratis is only part of an extensive system by which their Lordships hope to effect a very considerable saving in the Public Expenditure.”

To this intimation the following reply has been sent:—

“September 7th, 1853.

“Sir,—We the undersigned have the honour to receive your note of the 28th ultmo, containing intimation that you are unable to perform the simple request made by us in reference to the supply of your Returns and Reports.

“Under these circumstances we have thought it proper to memorialise the Lords Commissioners of her Majesty’s Treasury on the subject in question, and to lay respectfully before their Lordships, as we have had the honour to lay before yourself, the reasons which lead us to think that we are, as heretofore, deserving of the published papers of your Office.

“We cannot for one moment conceive that the supply of your Reports to those who have been at so much labour and expense to contribute to them, can correctly be classed under the lavish distribution referred to in your letter.

“It is true that fourpence per quarter is but a small outlay for your Quarterly Returns, but we feel assured that, after the time and expense which we have gratuitously sacrificed towards the completion of those Reports, we ought not to be called upon to purchase them at any price, however small.

“At the same time it is equally true that the outlay by Government of fourpence per quarter upon each contributor, would be anything but a lavish expenditure of public money.

“Our labours as Meteorologists have been supplied to you ungrudgingly. We have endeavoured to contribute

them for the purpose of supplying a scientific want; we cannot but humbly believe that labours so accumulative and coincident may be of ultimate value to science, and it would be painful to us all to suspend our exertions.

"Should, however, our appeal to the Lords Commissioners be refused, we feel that we cannot, in justice to ourselves, make laborious and expensive contributions to any State paper which is afterwards withheld from us—unless subscribed for."

The Memorial to the Treasury is now in course of signature; and we are assured that the feeling is unanimous to withhold the observations unless the point is conceded. We submit to both sides, whether it is worth while to continue the contest? But if either side is to give way, we think the Treasury might under such circumstances gracefully relax the stringency of a rule, which in other cases is certainly judicious and ought to be maintained.

MISCELLANEA.

It is stated that the late Alexis Soyer has bequeathed six pictures by the late Madame Soyer to the National Gallery.

The Marquis of Lansdowne is about to erect in Ramsey Abbey Church a monument to the memory of the founder of his family, Sir William Petty.

The establishment of "Art-Associations," or of societies for the exhibition of pictures and statuary, is, we read in American papers, becoming very general, not merely in the metropolitan cities, but in the smaller centres of population.

M. Proudhon, whose appeal was lately rejected by default, has, it is stated, withdrawn to Belgium, where he intends publishing a pamphlet for the purpose of endeavouring to justify the work for which he was sentenced to three years' imprisonment.

A letter from Jena states that extensive preparations had been made for celebrating the jubilee of the University of that town. Visitors from all parts of Germany had arrived, as had also the Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar, who was received with extraordinary honour by the students.

The annual exhibition of the Liverpool Academy of Painting opened on Monday. Upwards of 900 pictures adorn the walls. The principal prize has been awarded to a very large picture by Mr. F. M. Brown, representing Chaucer reading one of his tales to King Edward III. and his court. The rival exhibition, which has been established by the opponents of the pre-Raphaelite school, opens this day.

Sir Charles Eastlake writes to the *Builder* an account of some important excavations which have been recently made in the neighbourhood of Rome. Several interesting fragments have been thrown up; a portion of the old Roman road (*Via Latina*) uncovered, and a most interesting tomb, consisting of several chambers highly ornamented, containing sarcophagi, &c., has been discovered. The remains of an early Christian basilica have also been disclosed, and the general impression seems to be that what has hitherto been discovered only forms a small portion of a "paga" or village, of which the most part still remains to be disinterred.

Dr. Abdy, Professor of Laws in the University of Cambridge, is now installed as Gresham Law Lecturer. It appears that from amongst many applicants for the office five candidates were selected as *dignitores*, and of these five the choice (resting with the Mercers' Company) fell upon Dr. Abdy as being in the opinion of the Court dignissimus. The *Law Magazine* says that the office in question "is not meant much longer to remain sinecure."

Among the notices of motions for the next parliamentary session is one by Mr. Blake for a select committee to inquire into the management of the Department of Science and Art, "particularly as to whether the funds annually voted by Parliament are judiciously expended for promoting a taste and knowledge of science and art throughout the United Kingdom; and also, whether the plan adopted by the department is the best for the advancement of those objects."

The sacred Indian lotus of the Hindoos, or Egyptian bean, is now in flower in the tropical aquarium at Kew Gardens. A model of this magnificent plant is on the table of the old museum.

The President of the Scotch Academy, Sir John Watson Gordon, has been all the summer closely confined to his studio engaged on portraits commissioned by corporations and public bodies in England. The *Scotsman*, recording the fact, adds the opinion that "it affords strong proof of the high position of our Scottish school."

Mr. Gregory, M.P., intends to call the attention of the House of Commons "next session" to the state of the British Museum, the salaries of the assistants, and "the expediency that it should become an institution of greater utility to the public than it is at present, by the establishment of lectures in the several departments."

At the instance of Lord Haddo, returns are to be printed and issued "of all Schools of Art or Design receiving aid from Government (whether in the form of grants or the use of public buildings, or of other appliances), in which classes have been formed for the study of the living model; and of the total number of sittings of the female life model in such schools during the past year, classified under the heads 'wholly nude, partially nude, or clothed,' together with the total number of attendances of students at such sittings during the same period."

The Editors of the *Englishwoman's Journal* announce that they have secured the use of a large room in Princes Street, Cavendish Square, for the purpose of establishing a reading room for ladies "during the morning hours." [This may be called a "middle term." The fair students will be better engaged than in making calls, and worse than in teaching children.]

A "Workhouse Visiting Society" has been established in connection with the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science. The object is the introduction of a voluntary system of visiting all classes of workhouse inmates, especially by ladies, and under the sanction of the guardians and chaplains. The plan is very similar to that which has been adopted in prisons for many years.

It would appear (says *Galignani*) from the fate of the various managements which have taken in hand the theatres of Marseilles that the inhabitants of the first seaport of France are not enthusiastic patrons of the drama. In 1800, a M. Leblanc took to flight after a few months' management; in 1806, Brûlo became bankrupt; his successor, Viatelon, encountered the same fate in 1807; four other managers became bankrupt between 1813 and 1820. M. Chapus, who received a subvention of 15,000 fr., kept his ground during seven years, but in 1828 he failed, and died in a madhouse. Since that date many other persons have ventured to undertake the management, but with equally unsatisfactory pecuniary results.

A correspondent, writing from Egham on the 6th instant, says:—"Countless myriads of martens have been seen here and at Weybridge. Their places of rest and consultation are the osier beds in the grounds of Magna Charta Island, on the banks of the Thames, opposite Runnymede. That it is no uncommon occurrence, however, in this locality, we have the testimony of that ingenious and observant naturalist the Rev. Gilbert White, of Selborne, who, under date November 20, 1773, thus refers to the congregating of martens preparatory to migration:—

As the summer declines the congregating flocks increase in numbers daily by the constant accession of the second broods, till at last they swarm in myriads upon myriads round the villages on the Thames, darkening the face of the sky as they frequent the nits of that river, where they roost. They retire in vast flocks together about the beginning of October; they therefore withdraw with us the latest of any species. Unless these birds are very shordived indeed, or unless they do not return to the district where they are bred, they must undergo vast devastations somehow and somewhere, for the birds that return yearly bear no manner of proportion to the birds that retire.

The Emperor of the French has given orders to seek and collect the numerous manuscripts which

Vauban left behind him, scattered about in France and abroad. They are to be purchased wherever they can be found; and an edition will be printed, as complete as circumstances will permit of the writings of the great master of fortification.

An endowment of 3000*l.* a-year is about to be added to the educational resources of Trinity College, Dublin. Such is the most compendious mode of expressing the financial reforms lately agreed on between the senior and junior fellows, at the instance of her Majesty's government. Of this large sum nearly one-half will be devoted to the foundation of fourteen septennial exhibitions of 100*l.* per annum, to be bestowed on the two most distinguished among the moderators of each year; the remaining portion of 1600*l.* will be employed in improving the value of certain of the junior fellowships. Both these desirable objects will be obtained without the least sacrifice of efficiency in any educational department. The funds to effect them are withdrawn, in the shape of degree fees, bursar's fees, and senior lecturer's fees, from overpaid senior fellowships, attached to which they served no educational purpose whatever. The income of a senior fellow, reduced as it will be from 1800*l.* to 1400*l.* a-year will be still sufficient to maintain those high officers in all due dignity and ease; nor will the most aspiring student be deterred from reading for fellowship by any inadequacy of provision offered by it for his declining years. Large accumulations, indeed, will be less frequent among the senior fellows, and lavish expenditure will be difficult; but no true interest of learning is benefited by either of those habits; and the amendment, therefore, which we are promised in the distribution of the revenues, is tantamount, as we began by stating, to a direct addition of 3000*l.* a-year to the educational means and appliances of the college.

We are induced, says the *Leeds Mercury*, to think well of the University examination scheme. Now for the result of the Oxford examination held in June. The first thing which must strike every one who looks at the analysis to which we have referred, is the vast proportion of failures to successes. Of 1239 candidates who entered their names, 89 did not appear to be examined, so that the persons actually subjected to examination only numbered 1150, and of these 1150 only 429, or about three-eighths, succeeded in satisfying the examiners. We were quite sure from our own knowledge of middle-class education that the principal cause of this failure of five-eighths of the candidates arose from that want of thoroughness in instruction which is so fatal a characteristic of many of our schools, especially of those which are conducted as private speculations. We were hardly prepared, however, to find that the result so completely verified our conjecture. By far the greater proportion of failures, we learn, arose from ignorance of orthography and arithmetic,—in plain English, the candidates could not spell, and could not add, subtract, multiply, and divide. This is sufficiently astonishing and mortifying, because it shows not only the pupil's ignorance, but what is of infinitely greater importance, the master's utter want of knowledge of that ignorance; for we can hardly suppose that a schoolmaster who was aware that his scholars were deficient in these respects would have sent them in to the examination. But we certainly were surprised to find that many of the candidates (63 out of 171 among the seniors) would have obtained honours, so great was their proficiency in the advanced subjects, if they had not failed in such ordinary and every-day matters as orthography, writing, analysis and parsing, arithmetic, geography, English history, and English composition. We can really hardly understand how a lad who shows a fair knowledge of Latin can fail in English composition, or how another who is up in quadratic equations should find the rule of three a dangerous stumbling-block. But incomprehensible as it may be, the fact still remains, and shows the extent to which elementary knowledge is neglected in our middle-class schools, for the sake of getting boys on in more showy branches of learning. It appears, indeed, that the time given for answering the questions on these

preliminary subjects was unduly abridged, and that hardly sufficient time was given for revising what was written; but, even after making allowance for this circumstance, there is still a large percentage of failure for which it will hardly account. There are two other reasons for the large comparative number of failures which we are glad to notice, because they show that all the blame did not rest with the schoolmasters. The first is that many of the candidates were mere children, 78 of them being between 12 and 13 years of age, who can but just have escaped from the hands of the nursemaid, and whom the University can never have intended to examine; while the second is that the examination was a perfectly new thing, and therefore the schoolmasters could only guess at the degree of proficiency which would be exacted from candidates. In future they will understand this better, and will thus be able to save themselves and their pupils from mortifying and damaging failure.

According to the *Carlisle Journal*, the grave of "Belted Will," so long a matter of doubt and speculation, has at last been discovered. A few days ago, says our contemporary, as old James Walker, the parish clerk, was digging a grave in the burial-ground attached to Brampton Old Church, he came upon the side stone of a "thruugh" or altar-tomb, embedded in the soil, at a depth of about fifteen inches from the surface. Upon the stone were carved the arms of the De Multons, the Dacres, and the Howards quartered with the Dacres; and near the place where it was found there was also discovered a spur of the period

"When mailed moss-troopers rode the hill
And bugles blew for Belted Will."

It will be remembered that it was by the marriage of the heiress of Thomas de Merton, Margaret de Merton, who was carried off in the night-time from Warwick Castle by Ralph de Dacre, to whom she had been betrothed, that Naworth passed to the family of Dacre; and it was by the marriage of the heiress of the Dacres, that it subsequently passed to Lord William Howard. Lord Carlisle, who is now staying at Naworth, has examined the stone, and has expressed his belief that it has marked the grave of Belted Will, and he intends to make further excavations as soon as he obtains the consent of the vicar. It may be mentioned that some years ago the late Mr. Robert Bell, of the Nook, applied to Mr. Howard of Greystoke, to ascertain whether he knew where Belted Will was interred; and Mr. Howard informed him that documents in his possession pointed to the north aisle of Brampton Old Church as the place of burial. Mr. Bell examined the part of the churchyard on which the north aisle had formerly stood, and actually made excavations within half a yard of the place where the stone has now been discovered. Brampton Old Church is a very ancient building, and the churchyard contains a headstone to the memory of a vicar who died so long ago as 1346. The church is in a dilapidated state, and is now only used on the occasion of funerals. Naworth Castle is in the parish of Brampton, and it seems not at all unlikely that the parish church would be selected as the burial-place of Lord William Howard. He died at Naworth in the year 1640, during the ravages of the plague, and if, as has been alleged, he fell a victim to that fearful disease, he would, as is usual in such cases, be buried in his clothes; this may account for the finding of the spur near the place of the supposed interment.

The Isle of Man has awakened to a sense of its antiquarian and literary importance, and borrowing Burke's quotation addressed to Johnson and Boswell, "the proper study of mankind is Man," invites the attention of the world to the efforts of the Manx Society for publication of national documents of the island. The objects of the association, which is headed by the Lieutenant-Governor, the Bishop, the Water-Bailiff, the Speaker of the House of Keys, and other great and mysterious personages, are defined to be to reprint scarce books relative to the Isle of Man, that are really valuable, such as the Council may determine.—To republish the report of the Royal

Commissioners of 1792 with some of the more valuable appendices and permanent matters of evidence.—To collect into one volume all the more important notices of the Isle of Man, from that in Cesar's Commentaries down to the present day.—To collect all that is interesting and important out of the Rolls and Seneschal's Office, the Episcopal and Parochial Registries, and the other public records of the Island.—To give in one volume some of the chief Family Pedigrees and lists of Kings, Bishops, Governors, Deemsters, Keys, and other officials, in chronological order.—To publish collections out of the British Museum and Harleian MSS. respecting this Island.—To make every possible search after the most ancient records of the Isle alleged to have been carried away to the Tower of London, Drontheim, or elsewhere.—To inquire whether the Stanley and Athol families and the Crown offices have in their repositories papers of moment as to this Island.—To collect and preserve all available remains of the Manx language.—To collect any interesting and important historical records touching the religious denominations of this Island, without interfering in party disputes, the Monastic and Baronial Church establishments, the connection of this Island with the Abbey of Furness and the Priory of St. Bees, and its relation to Drontheim, Avignon, Canterbury, St. Andrew's, Dublin, Durham, Chester, and York.—To publish a standard edition of all the Statute Laws of the Island, under a responsible editor, with a complete index to the whole code and series.—To publish collections of Manx native literature.

An interesting experiment is being made in Canada. The Provincial Parliament passed an act, last session, establishing two Boards of Arts and Manufactures—one for Upper, and one for Lower Canada. These Boards will connect, by a common bond of union, the various Mechanics' Institutes throughout the province. This is proposed to be done by a system of representation, each institute being allowed to send one delegate for every twenty members, being actual working mechanics or manufacturers on its roll. In addition to these delegates, the Boards are to consist of several *ex-officio* members:—The Minister of Agriculture for the time being, the Chief Superintendent of Government Education, &c. It will be the duty of these Boards to collect museums of everything susceptible of being employed in mechanical arts and manufactures; to provide models of implements and machines, works of art, plans, drawings, and, not the least important, free libraries for the working classes. They will also take measures for obtaining from other countries any new or improved machines; test their value, and report on the expediency of adopting them. They are likewise empowered to establish schools of design for women, to erect schools or colleges for mechanics, and to secure the services of paid lecturers for systematic instruction in the mechanical arts and sciences. The reports of the Boards, and any lectures worth publication, are printed and circulated throughout the Union.

There are few in Scotland not familiar with the story of Margaret McLauchlan and Margaret Wilson, the two heroic maidens who some century and a half ago suffered martyrdom in the tidal waters of Wigton Bay. The foundation stone of a suitable monument to their memory was laid last week, in the presence of an immense assembly, gathered from all parts of the country. At half-past one the large assembly, computed to be between 2000 and 3000 people, met in the Square, where the "Martyrs' Anthem" was sung by a number of young ladies and gentlemen belonging to Wigton, and the procession then formed, four abreast, headed by the provost, magistrates, and council, Mr. James Dodds, of London, Mr. James Caird, M.P., the clergy of the district, and the committee of management, and walked to the Windyhill, a conspicuous spot, where the monument is to be erected, and where the foundation stone was laid.

CHESS CONFLICT.—Herr Harrwitz has beaten the celebrated Paul Morphy in a first encounter. The game lasted three hours.

Mr. Alexander T. Galt, the Inspector General in the New Canadian Ministry, is the youngest son of the novelist, whose family have long been resident in Canada.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—During the week ending 4th September, 1858, the visitors have been as follows:—On Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday, free days, 3875; on Monday and Tuesday, free evenings, 5289. On the three students' days (admission to the public 6d.) 595; one students' evening, Wednesday, 123. Total 9882. From the opening of the Museum, 581,440.

WILL OF THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.—The will of Her Royal Highness the late Duchess of Orleans, having been proved in Doctors' Commons, has found its way into the newspapers. It is dated Eisenach, January 1, 1855, and in its whole frame and spirit it does the highest honour to the remarkable woman of whose mind and character it is unquestionably a most faithful reflection. We have only room for that portion of it by which she makes specific bequests of various works of art—some of which must be familiar, by reputation at least, to the recollection of our readers:—"I bequeath to the Count de Paris my pearl necklace in four rows, which he will, I trust, one day give to the Countess de Paris; the six diamond pendants with chain; the red album, containing the fine collection of water-colours by French artists, which belonged to the Duke d'Orleans; all my furs, and Scheffer's picture of 'The Holy Women' (*les Saintes Femmes*). To the Duke de Chartres, my set of pearls, composed of brooches, pins, ear-drops, bracelets, and a diadem. This set came to me from his godmother, my Aunt Adelaide. My ruby bracelet, bequeathed by the Queen of the Belgians; two ruby buttons; the sapphire ring and the ruby ring; my fine cup in lapis; the Prayer Book, which was made by his father's order; the *necessaire d'armes*, and my lace. I hope that these jewels and lace may be worn by a Duchesse de Chartres. Besides the foregoing articles I bequeath as souvenirs to the Count de Paris the large portrait of his father, by Ingres; the marble bust of his father, by Tellet; the large picture of 'The Iron Gates,' by Dauzats; the small picture of the 'Col de Teniah,' by Philippoteaux; all his father's manuscripts, papers, letters, small note-books, as well as his father's letters addressed to myself; I know that he will always look upon these papers as a precious treasure, and believe that he will one day be enabled to use them with discrimination, so as to make known the character of him whom France has mourned without even being aware of all his merit. I leave him the portraits of my two mothers; the water-colour, by Winterhalter, representing the Queen with the children of the Duke de Nemours; the oil portrait of the Duke de Chartres, by Winterhalter; the fine poignard, ordered by my sister-in-law, the Duchess of Wurtemberg, for the Duke d'Orleans; two of the albums, containing his father's drawings; the Psyche, which was presented to me by the city of Paris on occasion of my marriage; the equestrian statuette in bronze of his father, upon a pedestal of black marble; the large pendule of Breguet, which struck the hour of his birth, as well as the chimney ornaments belonging to it; the enamelled box containing his father's watch and several other souvenirs; the case containing the seal and silver-gilt knives, which I always use; one-half the fine engravings of his father's portrait, by Ingres; the small water-colour of the Duke of Orleans on horseback, copied from H. Vernet; one of my four beautiful fans; my marriage fan, in filigree, which has been used also by the Queen; his coral, which all the Queen's children have likewise used; my bracelet, containing a portrait of his father, intended for his wife; my carved praying-desk, containing his father's mask; my papers, letters, small books of souvenirs, which I have left in England; his father's sword, which he wore on the day of his death, and the palm which was presented to him by his division on his return from the Iron Gates. I bequeath as souvenirs to the Duke de Chartres the equestrian portrait of the Duke d'Orleans, by De Dreun; the small

portrait of his father, by Ingres; the large picture of the 'Col de Teniah,' by H. Vernet; the head, in marble, of his father, copied from the Mausoleum of Triquetty; the water-colour of the Queen, by Winterhalter; my portrait, by Henriquel Dupont; the furniture of my desk (inkstand, penholder, and blotting-book, in silver-gilt); the miniature of his godmother; my small watch; the *carnet*, in tortoise-shell and gold, adorned with family portraits; one of my four beautiful painted fans; the bracelet, adorned with his portrait and that of his father, intended for the Duchesse de Chartres; the water-colour of Eugène Lamy, representing the Review of the Chasseurs d'Orléans, at the Tuilleries, 1840; the large portrait of the Count de Paris when an infant, by Winterhalter; two of the albums, containing drawings of the Duke d'Orléans; the other half of the engravings of the portrait of his father, by Ingres; the triumphal arch of Djimilah, by Danzats; my Alexandre organ; my marriage *corbeille*; and an equestrian statuette, in bronze, of his father, with the two bronze vases which accompany it. I have set down upon a special list the souvenirs which I beg my family and friends to accept as a last token of affection, and I desire my sons to divide between themselves the remainder of the articles I may leave, such as albums, bronzes, books, furniture, and sundry trifles."

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The flower show which opened on Wednesday is decidedly the best that the Crystal Palace has yet been able to boast of. It is wider in its variety, more numerous in its specimens, and more complete in its general results than any of its predecessors. The most remarkable feature of it is the lancifoliums, which are exceedingly numerous and remarkably fine. There is one of the album variety which of itself is well worth a visit to Sydenham. The display of ferns is more than usually good, and far more than usually extensive. The balsams and the fuchsias are numerous and magnificent, and there are some fine pots of geraniums of the several most popular sorts. The only failure appears to be in the heaths, which are inferior in bloom. Amongst the cut flowers the dahlias at this season take the first rank, and a more splendid show of perfectly formed, and in all respects faultless flowers, was never presented to the public gaze. The German asters, which, with their quilted petals look almost like dahlias of a smaller growth, and the French asters, with their full and feathery or tasseled blossoms, are equally creditable to the growers. Of the hollyhocks, too much can scarcely be said in praise. There are roses, too, notwithstanding the lateness of the season, in abundance—red, white, blush, and yellow—beautifully formed, and reeking with delicious perfume. Though nominally a flower show, there are no fewer than 23 distinct classes of fruits, for the successful exhibitors of which the company give prizes varying from 7*l.* down to 7*s.*, the total number of money prizes so distributed being about 70. There are some very fine pine-apples, but the grapes bear away the bell. Several of the bunches can scarcely weigh less than half a dozen pounds each, and in size they are more like fine plums than grapes, some of them measuring 1*1/2* inch in diameter. The season has been peculiarly favourable for peaches, nectarines and plums, and the result is apparent both in the number and excellence of the specimens of each description displayed upon the stands. The melons are in great abundance and very superior, and though the figs are not plentiful, they are more than usually fine. There are also some baskets of Morella cherries which deserve notice, both for their size and form. In the amateur and cottage's classes, which extend to vegetable as well as garden fruit, there is a very creditable competition. Some idea of the extent of the fruit exhibition may be formed when it is stated that the peaches number over 300 dishes, the plums extend over a frontage or counter space of 96 feet, and that in some of the classes there are 30, in others 40, and in one—that of peaches and nectarines—there are 55 competitors. There are no less than 44 competitors in the two classes in which the melons are divided.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"Sir.—Having seen the arms of Southwark thus represented  on a stone built into the old wall which

enclosed the Fishmongers' Almshouses near the Elephant and Castle, I should be much obliged by any of your correspondents informing me how they are described by the heralds. I have never seen them enclosed in a shield. If any light can be thrown on this subject it will greatly oblige your obedient, F. M. London, Sept. 6, 1853."

Hudibras in French.—"Sir.—Your correspondent Mr. Coleman, is not quite accurate about the French translation of Hudibras. The translator was not Sir John Townley, but Mr. John Townley, uncle of Mr. Charles Townley, the collector of the Elgin Marbles. He was in the French service, and died in 1782, at the great age of eighty-five. His translation, which has the singular merit of being line for line, was printed in Lowdon in 1757, but could hardly be said to have been published, only 200 copies having been struck off. It was embellished with plates after the designs of Hogarth. It was reprinted in Paris in 1819. Copies of the London edition are very rare. Voltaire did not assert that it was impossible to translate Hudibras, and to preserve its wit. He said that it was the most witty and the most untranslatable of all books, and that in order to render its wit into another language, it would be necessary to retrench three-fourths of the original. He showed that he considered it translatable on this principle, by attempting it himself. The whole passage is given in the Supplemental Notes to Mr. Robert Bell's edition of Butler, where an account will be found of all the translations into French, German, and Latin.—HAMPSTAD."

"Sir.—I should feel greatly obliged if any of your readers could favour me with an answer to any of the following queries:—Do the Jewish Rabbis of the present day preserve traditionally any knowledge of the forms of their sacred vessels and ornaments, or are they as much matter of conjecture to them as they are to Christians?—It is believed universally acknowledged fact that the Hebrew alphabet in present use dates from the period of the return from the Babylonian captivity. If so, can any of your readers inform me whether it was supposed to have been changed from its ancient and simple form, now known as the Samaritan, to suit any Cabalistic purpose?—Are the mysterious doctrines of the Cabala, which are said to have been imparted by tradition to Abraham, Moses, &c., but since the time of Ezra retained in the memories of the priests, still remembered, held by, and believed in by the learned Rabbis of the present day, or do they themselves only regard them as an invention of the philosophising Jews of the later centuries preceding the Christian era—with the view of accommodating the speculations of the Gnostics to the religion of the Old Testament?" —M. G.—Leamington, September, 6 1853."

Sir John Herschel and Orreries.—"Sir,—It would be unjust towards an author of eminence to form an estimate of his literary or scientific candour by extracts from his works, as furnished by his critic. Nor can I conceive it to be possible that a person in Sir John Herschel's position would condescend to appropriate an astronomical illustration which belonged to another."

"Your critic (see 'LITERARY GAZETTE,' London, Saturday, August 23, 1853, page 206) makes Sir John do battle with such small fry as orrery makers and their upholders; and makes him say, without acknowledgment, 'We shall close this chapter with an illustration calculated to convey to the minds of our readers a general impression of the relative magnitudes and distances of the parts of our system. Choose any level field or bowling green, on it place a globe two feet in diameter.' &c.

"I beg to say that this illustration was invented (as I believe) by the late Mr. Walker, a travelling lecturer on philosophical subjects (and the constructor of a new kind of orrery by illumination), in the early part of the present century. He published his lectures, in two parts or volumes, in the year 1816. As I have them not by me at present, I cannot furnish you with the page. That however is of no consequence; and I hope your critic will take an early opportunity of doing justice both to Sir John Herschel and to Mr. Walker."

"Sir, your obedient Servant, "WILLIAM HALE.
"Portishead, near Bristol, September 3, 1853."

"The extract is given just as it appears in the work. It is improbable that Sir John Herschel would trouble himself either to claim or disclaim the originality of an illustration, of a kind which has been more or less freely used by lecturers and writers for years, the most recent instance being in 'Household Words' for 22nd of May, 1858, where, as in Sir J. Herschel's book, it is used without acknowledgment. Walker, the itinerant lecturer, was, however, a man far in advance of his age, and very far ahead of his namesake of the Eidouranion, but after all he was an orrery man; and though he was an immense improvement on the then general style of such machines, it had, nevertheless, the common vice of want of truth, and this *ex necessitate*.]

Exclusive Schools.—We have received an anonymous letter, by no means ill-written, upon the subject of the alleged exclusion of a young gentleman from a seaside academy, on the ground that his parents are members of the theatrical profession. *Prind face*, the case appears to be one in which an illiberal prejudice has been allowed to insult the feelings of honourable persons, but inasmuch as the prosperity of the schoolmaster may, or may in his opinion, depend upon his keeping his school "excessively genteel," he does not seem liable to unqualified condem-

nation for declining to risk his income by bidding defiance to snobism. A tradesman must please his customers, and may be supposed to know best what will please them. There is also another view of the case. There are thousands of exemplary persons who believe the stage and its professors to be "all vanity" and something worse, and who would sternly restrain their children from forming any theatrical acquaintance. A parent confides a sacred trust to a teacher, and the latter, if he accept it on the understanding that particular precautions are to be observed, is bound to respect his compact. We need hardly say that we offer no apology for the religious prejudice, but it is "a fact." The individuals aggrieved by the circumstances have deserved far too well all the hands of all who have to nole services to the public, not to make it a subject of much regret that the implied insult should have occurred.

The word Pic-Nic.—"Sir.—Would you be kind enough to tell me the derivation and origin of the word *Pic-Nic*?—A CONSTANT READER."

The Queen of India.—"There are some lines in Keats's *Endymion* (writes W. Borshon, Dublin) which seem to have a curious application at this moment. They are part of the lyric describing the Conquest of India by Bacchus, but to suit its coming under the sway of a Christian Queen—

The kings of Ind their jewel sceptres vail,
And from their treasures scatter pearléd hail,
Great Brahma from his mystic heaven groans,
And all his priesthood moans."

The Westminster Bell.—A Correspondent, whose energetic tone entitles him to a reply, however unsatisfactory, urges upon us a task to which, if we are to understand him literally, we must own ourselves unequal. He says, "I do wish that you would take up the great bell and clock. It is a shame and disgrace to see that beautiful tower with four idiot faces, staring over London. The people concerned must be the most dawdling and helpless beings in the world, and if they cannot get up the clock (which is a noble one), why not ask some practical person to do it? Is there any new blunder to be found out, and stoned for at an enormous expense to the nation—won't the bell go up the shaft, or won't the clock machinery suit the bell, or is the bell cracked? I repeat that the dawdling is disgraceful, and I hope that the press will take the matter in hand. Yours truly, ROGER SUTTON." We can only say that we share Mr. Sutton's regrets that the beautiful tower lacks its clock and music, but we presume that the delay is nobody's fault. When is any body in fault in these days?

E. A. Anstruther.—We are not aware of anything of the kind. There was some vulgar gossip of the sort about his father, but it was believed only by the readers of Sunday newspapers as they were a quarter of a century ago.

W. Sandford (Bushfield).—The expected communication has of course not arrived.

F. B.—We have complied with your wish.

J. F. C.—Apply to the clergyman you name, who is not less known for his courtesy than for his learning.

B. (Leeds).—There would be no objection.

M. E. L.—We are much obliged, and shall endeavour to avail ourselves of the communication.

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